



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





SOMETHING OF ITALY





SOMETHING OF ITALY

By W. CHAMBERS.



RUINS ON VIA SACRA, ROME, p. 16.
Temple of Vespasian. Arch of Septimius Severus. Temple of Saturn.

W. & R. CHAMBERS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
1862.

~~200. m. 57.~~
203. d. 356.



THE present volume is only what it purports to be, *Something*, not much, about ITALY—just those glances at the country, its people, and usages which were casually obtained during a three months' excursion in the spring and summer of 1862, along with such observations as are suggested by the hopeful progress of those portions of the Italian peninsula lately nationalised, as well as by the dismal backwardness of those other parts—Rome and Venetia—still under an antiquated and relentless thralldom. The illustrations are chiefly from photographs, in the preparation of which the Italians sustain their reputation for artistic excellence. It has to be added, that the substance of the volume appeared as detached papers in the Journal with which the writer is connected.

EDINBURGH, *September 1, 1862.*



SOMETHING OF ITALY.

TURIN, GENOA, FLORENCE.

TOWARDS midnight on the 17th of March, there might have been seen, by the feeble light of the stars reflected on the white Alpine peaks, a French diligence dragging its way slowly up the zigzag slopes of Mount Cenis by means of fourteen horses and mules jingling with bells, and impelled by the loud cracking of whips and shouts of half-a-dozen drivers, who walked alongside in the gradually melting heaps of snow. An hour or two later, the same vehicle, with the greater part of its dragging power detached at the summit of the pass, went thundering down the southern side of the mountain, and never stopped till it safely drew up in the courtyard of the railway at Susa. Such was the way I entered Italy.

We had come from Paris to Macon, where a branch-rail turns off to Aix-le-Bains, then onward up a wild and picturesque valley to St Michel, where diligences were in waiting to receive the passengers by train. As is well known, the railway is to be carried through Mount Cenis; and what at present is a tedious journey of twelve hours from St Michel, will, in a few years, be performed in little more than one hour. On proceeding up the rugged valley on the French side, the mouth of the partially formed tunnel, situated considerably above the road, comes into view; and it is a long and uninteresting ride, after reaching this point, ere we arrive at the spot where the railway

is to issue at Susa. As yet, with the drawback of an intermediate journey by diligence, this is considered to be the best route into Italy. At all events, there is this to be said of it, that on getting to Susa you are fairly launched on a series of connecting railways, which, so far as Piedmont and Lombardy are concerned, alter the whole system of travelling. What with railways here and elsewhere, the dignified and expensive apparatus of couriers, post-horses, family carriages, and roadside inns, is almost superseded. At the railway terminus in Paris, a traveller procures tickets for Turin as readily as for Lyons, with, in addition, the privilege briefly expressed by the French word *facultatif*—the right of remaining a few days at pleasure here and there by the way.

My first acquaintance with Italy reminded me somewhat of being introduced to a gentleman in the dark; for the country through which the train hurried from Susa was still invisible, nor could we discover any more of it than that it was level, and intersected with rows of trees. Early morn, as it glimmered in the east, revealed to us, on the north, the range of Alpine heights which forms the boundary of Italy; and far in the south the peaked Apennines came dimly into view.


Turin, where we spent two days, contradicted much that one has ordinarily heard about the idleness, poverty, and disorderly condition of Italy. Consisting of broad and handsomely paved streets, arranged at right angles with each other, and lined with tall houses of stone, mostly provided with arcades beneath, the town seemed to be a model of neatness and propriety. As the Italian parliament was sitting at the time, the bustle in the thoroughfares was in some measure accounted for; but independently of this circumstance, it was evident that Turin is a busy and prosperous city—its population differing nothing in dress from what we see on the Boulevards at Paris, with, I should say, not so great an aptitude for lounging, and sipping drops of coffee and absinthe. I found what might very reasonably have been expected, that freedom of speech, and also of printing, have given a remarkable impetus to society. I was quite struck with

the demonstrations of mental activity. On all sides, the people seemed to be eager in their conversations and discussions, as if conscious of their new obligations and privileges; and it would have amused any one to see the universal demand for the cheap newspapers, which are issued daily, without restraint, by the press. At all the principal resorts, there were stalls for the sale of these papers; boys went about hawking them, as in London and New York, and they were in the hands of all classes; the very cabmen on their boxes, at every moment of leisure, enjoyed this luxury. From this freedom of the press, as well as from the earnest and off-hand debates of the parliament, it was pretty evident that this part of Italy, at least, was actually in advance of France. I had got into a continental England, or what was in the fair way of becoming so.

Piedmont has always been a little more alert and adapted for constitutional forms than the rest of Italy; but on proceeding to Genoa, to which the railway is now opened through the Ligurian Alps, I cannot say that things were greatly different. Yet how totally dissimilar in structural character are the two places. Genoa, 'the Superb,' as it has been fondly called, is an ancient and important city, occupying a singularly fine situation on the face of a semicircular sweep of hills rising from the sea. Viewed from the capacious harbour, which, with all its historical interest, is yet unprovided with a landing-pier at which steamers may draw up, the town has doubtless a grand aspect—forts, palaces, gardens, and church-spires forming the more conspicuous objects in the landscape. Genoa, however, is one of the most perfect specimens of a huddle of houses in Europe. In its construction, the prevailing idea would seem to have been the setting down of the largest number of large buildings within the smallest possible space. With one or two exceptions, so narrow are the streets, that they cannot admit wheeled carriages. A cart might go up them, but it could not turn. Traffic is therefore carried on principally on the backs of mules or donkeys. Strings of these useful animals are seen with packs of hay, straw, flour, and other articles, wending their way


along the narrow thoroughfares. In some cases, this method of transit produces rather a grotesque effect, as, for example, when the mules are employed to act the part of a scavenger's cart, by carrying a load of street refuse in capacious wicker sacks slung on each side, or when helping to remove household furniture. I had never seen anything more ludicrous than a poor donkey carrying a chest of drawers, which were poised with difficulty on its back. But, without these aids, many of the houses in Genoa, as is the case with some parts of Rome and Naples, would be cut off from any available means of transit for goods. How the grand old merchant-princes of Genoa managed to shine in any sort of equipage, I cannot imagine. The town has plenty of their palaces—huge buildings of dull weather-stained marble—but in most instances you cannot get far enough back to see them. Standing in dingy lanes, their grandest apartments are gloomy even at noon; and to get to their picture-galleries, you require to toil up long stone stairs to the top of the house.

In looking along the business streets, we notice innumerable frames of white calico thrown out at an angle from the windows and doors, to catch the rays of the sun, and reflect them into the apartments and shops—a poor but necessary expedient to secure a little natural light in a city still unfortunately labouring under medieval arrangements. Genoa, however, like most other cities in Italy, is well paved, and on this point something is to be learned. Italian paving resembles nothing of the kind in England. The streets in Genoa, of whatever breadth, are laid with flat pavement, such as we employ for foot-passengers; there are no raised trottoirs at the sides, and no side-gutters. Men and mules walk on the same level. To serve the purpose of draining, the pavement inclines to the middle, where, at convenient distances, there are perforations to carry off the rains; the drainage from dwellings not being perceived on the surface. It can be readily imagined that by this practice of employing large flat pavement, a degree of comfort and cleanliness is insured not at all attainable by small stones, such as are used in our streets. I have no recollection of seeing this kind of



street-paving described by travellers in Italy; yet, it is observable almost everywhere—in Rome, Naples, and other cities—its smoothness for carriages, and freedom from dirt and dust, being not the least of its recommendations. To secure a proper foothold, many draught-horses are shod only on two of their feet.

To this strange old town, the railway from Turin is a sort of incongruity. There has been a considerable smashing down of antiquated mansions to afford space for an access and terminus, including an open area, on which the citizens, after cogitating on the subject for three centuries, are in process of erecting a monument to Columbus, whom they aver to have been a native of the place. Rudely disturbed by this innovation, Genoa will in a short time be further intruded upon by a railway from Nice—the line being carried along the picturesque coast of the Riviera, and forming another iron link with France. Then, there is a prospect of the line from Tuscany being extended so far northwards, and when all these new routes are completed, we may reasonably expect that the spirit of street reform will interpose to improve the internal communications of this interesting old city. Despite its huddling, there is indisputably no want of commercial enterprise in Genoa. The winding dingy lanes swarm with a busy population, the fabrication of filigree-work and iron-bedsteads being carried on as staple manufactures. The filigree-work, formed of finely-drawn silver, is sold at a great many shops, and forms a glittering attraction in walking along the narrow thoroughfares. The articles, consisting of ear-rings, bracelets, brooches, small Maltese crosses, &c., may be had in silver or silver-gilt; in either case the workmanship rivalling that of Malta or India. Nowhere have I seen such light and elegant iron-bedsteads as those of Genoa. The making of these—all by the hand-labour of blacksmiths in little cavernous shops—is not to be passed over as a thing of small consequence. The substitution of them for bedsteads of wood may be said to have rendered travelling in Italy so agreeable in point of nightly repose, that no one now need have any apprehensions on the subject. The Italians are here, again, in advance of their French,



and, I may add, of their German neighbours. They are, in fact, in advance of the English, who think themselves foremost in everything, but decidedly are not in the matter of beds. The old stories about the profusion of entomological annoyances in sleeping apartments in Italy may be consigned to the limbo of exploded fancies—thanks very much to the Genoese.

Besides these crafts, there is a good deal of maritime traffic of one sort and another in Genoa; but watching the movements in the harbour from the windows of our hotel,* it appeared as if the principal business consisted in exporting soldiers and importing recruits. Boats, loaded to the brim with armed men bound for the south, were continually being rowed from the place of embarkation, and as constantly were there arriving hordes of recruits, natives of Sicily and Calabria—uncouth and unkempt young men, with tapering hats of the approved brigand type, brought northwards to be Piedmontised—a wild set, standing greatly in need of the drill-sergeant, and on some of whom, it was to be feared, the provost-marshal would probably be called on to exert his professional energies. Looking at the gangs, as they were conducted from the shore with military bands to the tune of Garibaldi's March—a favourite air, played without intermission—one could not help thinking that in the humanising of these newly acquired subjects, *Il Re Galantuomo* had taken no easy job in hand, which we heartily wish him well through with.

Having for a franc apiece seen all the show palaces, visited the antique cathedral and finest churches, taken some note of the general activity, and inspected all the objects of art offered to view by the shops and stalls, it was time to move off in quest of novelties in a southern direction. There was a choice of locomotion—sea or land. In connection with the chief ports on the coast of Italy—Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples, and also Messina, in Sicily—there is an effectual and marvellously

* The Hotel d'Italie, kept by a widow lady who speaks English, and sees to the comfort of her guests. I can with great confidence recommend this well-conducted establishment.

well-conducted system of steamers, French and Italian. Some have a special admiration for the Italian boats, the chief thing in their favour being that they are for the most part not unpleasantly crowded, and that the officers on board are particularly civil and accommodating ; while the worst that can be said of them is, that they are not to be depended upon as to their time of departure. As regards the French steamers belonging to the Messageries Imperiales, they may stand comparison with the best appointed English passenger vessels, and are most punctual in their departure according to the printed announcements. Unfortunately, they are sometimes crowded to an extent that leaves barely deck-room—cabins are out of the question—and I shall have something afterwards to say from personal experience of the rudeness and indifference of all connected with the stewards' departments. On the present occasion, I did not think of trying either class of vessels that waved their respective flags in the harbour, for I came to see Italy, not an expanse of sea, and made arrangements for proceeding at a moderate rate of speed by a hired carriage to Pisa.

I look back on this as one of the most pleasant parts of our excursion. The route lay along the coast among crags, peaks, vineyards, villages, and spacious villas, environed by groves of orange and lemon trees. There were hills where, to give relief to the horses, we got out and walked, and getting on a little in advance, had moments of leisure to admire peeps of the Mediterranean, which, blue and placid as it was, surged with a foamy dash on the precipitous rocky beach. Within a convenient distance of Genoa in this direction, and commanding fine views of the sea, there are numerous villas, occupied, in many instances, by foreign residents, who have come hither for the sake of an Italian climate. These white dwellings, with their green jalousies shut at mid-day, their high-bounding hedgerows of aloes and cactuses, their garden-walks, underneath the shade of fig and orange trees, and the number of small, innocent lizards of different shades of colour, casting jealous glances out of crevices in the walls at the passing stranger, seem to be quiet

isolated paradises, where the din of earthly strife is only dreamed of, and existence goes elegantly and sleepily on to its close. Such was the road we pursued, stopping for the first night at Sestri, and the second at Spezia, this latter being a thriving seaport, with a splendid hotel (the Croce di Malta) on the bay of the same name.


Beyond Spezia, the general appearance of things falls off. On the left are ranges and groups of hills detached from the Apennines; gentlemen's villas disappear, the fields are cultured by a poor-looking, brown, skinny race, and bare-legged monks begin to shew themselves. Olives now are a leading article of growth; and we are beset by beggars old and young. Clearly, we have got out of smart Piedmont, with its ingenious industry and common sense, and are passing through a socially inferior and less happy region. According to maps but a few years old, we are in one or other of the petty duchies, where the whole system of things has been mismanaged from time immemorial. No wonder that we had on all sides the spectacle of extreme poverty. Victor Emmanuel cannot set matters to right in a day; but here, at anyrate, he has made a good beginning. Within little more than an hour we passed three or four different custom-houses, where travellers used to be pulled up to have their baggage and passports scrutinised—the stoppage, however, to do the officials justice, being always reduced to the minimum of annoyance on slyly presenting a couple of silver coins or so, of no particular currency. How our conductor jeered as we passed these forlorn shut-up mansions, where he had often been delayed and plundered! The removal of such barriers to general intercourse is among the more noticeable benefits effected for Italy by the union and consolidation of authority.

In approaching Pisa, we pass the famed quarries of Carrara, whence large blocks of white marble are being drawn by teams of tawny bullocks for shipment to distant studios. Hereabouts, signs of railway construction become apparent; but such original methods of procedure would have excited the derision of the most saturnine English contractor. The digging was effected

by a sort of adze, and the loosened material lifted deliberately by a long-shanked scoop, was carried away in small baskets on the heads of women and girls. A sorrowful spectacle, these bands of barefooted female navvies, each in turn casting down her modicum of earth to swell the slowly accumulating heaps ; though the labour, degrading as it was, and paid for at the rate of a few pence a day, was probably prized as the only available means of honest livelihood. Ordinarily, in constructing our railways, the reasonable plan is pursued of running off truck-loads from the heights to fill up the hollows, but here every spot is made to depend on itself ; the material from the excavations is piled mountain high, along the sides of the line, by that dreary basket-carrying process ; and to form the embankments, acres of the adjoining fields are mercilessly stripped of several feet of their soil—the waste of land, the toil, and stupidity of the whole thing being absolutely pitiable. One would not be greatly surprised to see processes so barbarous carried on in Turkey or Japan, but in Italy, with its proficiency in ‘high art,’ it is certainly unexpected and startling. The circumstance shews that a country may be far advanced as regards pictures, sculptures, and other objects of taste, and yet remain in practical ignorance of utensils and economic methods of industry familiar to the humblest English peasant. Nor does it fail to suggest what measures, among others, might be advantageously adopted for national regeneration. The cultivation of a popular taste for the fine arts, so desirable as an elevating agency among us, is not what the humbler classes of Italy require. What they more particularly stand in need of, is a knowledge of better mechanical appliances. Independently of imparting confidence in the national stability, one of the greatest acts of patriotism would consist in introducing and popularising the pick, shovel, spade, hoe, and wheelbarrow ; for until they get and learn to use these implements, as well as the light improved plough, a large portion of Italy, as I had afterwards occasion to notice, must remain under a very imperfect system of husbandry, if not in some places little better than a sterile waste.

The extension of the railway which we saw here in progress towards Genoa cannot fail to be of the utmost importance in connecting the traffic of the north with the rich vale of the Arno, already opened up by a line from Florence to Pisa and Leghorn. We did not need to take our voiture beyond Pietra-Santa. As far as that point from Pisa, the line had just been opened, and a run of less than an hour brought us to the end of our journey.

Settled for a day or two in a hotel overlooking the Arno, we had time to take a look of Pisa, with its famous baptistery and cathedral, and still more famous campanile or leaning tower. One word about this tower, which stands alone at a short distance from the cathedral, and is undeniably a curiosity of art. As is well known, it is a round tower, or more properly a hollow cylinder of masonry, raised to a height of 179 feet; its outer surface being composed of tiers of pillars and arches from bottom to top. Inside, it resembles a tube, and casting our eyes upwards we seem as if looking up a deep well; a peal of huge bells hanging near the top. The wall or shell of the cylinder is so thick as to admit of a stair, which winds round within it all the way up. The circumference of the tower at the bottom is 53 feet. But what of the leaning? Whether the tower has sunk bodily, and only more on one side than another, I know not; at all events, it stands in a pit about four feet deep, with an open space around it bounded by a retaining wall, and we get to the entrance by a platform which crosses the hollow. Owing to the insufficient foundation, the tower leans over towards one side, to the extent of thirteen feet. This leaning had taken place in the progress of construction, for in the architectural details there is an attempt to counteract it. As it now stands, after a lapse of nearly six hundred years, the tower seems strong and durable. I ascended to the summit with other two persons, and had a splendid outlook over the city and adjoining country, from the Apennines and hills about Lucca to the Mediterranean. The keeper has instructions not to allow fewer than three persons to ascend; for if there were only two, and one of them fell or



threw himself from the top, the other might be placed in an awkward predicament.

We had little peace in seeing this or any of the other sights of Pisa. The town, well-built and not without signs of industry, is on the whole dull, and swarms with beggars, who assail strangers in all quarters. There was begging by paupers of all ages and varieties of infirmity, begging by monks carrying wallets like bolster-cases, begging by gentlemen in masks, dressed up with gowns and ropes monk-fashion, and who jingle halfpence in boxes to let you know what they are after. A very nice place Pisa may be, with its Lung'Arno for the winter residence of invalids; but, oh, that everlasting begging, which besets you while standing, and walking, and riding, and looking out of window, and watches for you everywhere, it goes beyond my pitch of endurance. We were glad to get away, and the railway soon took us to Florence.

There, a totally different state of affairs was presented. With its palaces, parks, drives, Etruscan remains, galleries of art, general activity and tone of advancement, Florence has happily that feeble demonstration of the trade of begging, which, as a token of good government, places it on a par with Turin and Milan. The town has been recently much improved, particularly by the extension of the handsome terrace-like street with a southern aspect facing the Arno, and with its choice society it is one of the most attractive cities in Italy. Refined, yet quiet and substantial, with an air of intelligence and respectability, and favoured by an agreeable climate, few places on the continent, I should think, offer so many advantages. For those who like to enjoy the sight of works of art, Florence offers much to admire—the old cathedral, the dome of which suggested to Michael Angelo the dome of St Peter's; the baptistery with its famed bronze doors, by Pisano and Ghiberti; churches, museums, palaces, and galleries. We could spend time only on the more remarkable of the public galleries; proceeding first to that of the Uffizi, to see the Venus de' Medici, and some other ancient sculptures of note. What gave us most satisfaction as regards

pictures was the Pitti palace, which, in point of magnificence, goes beyond anything of the kind in Rome, while its collection of Raphaels, Titians, Murillos, and others goes far towards making one familiar with the works of the great masters.

In the galleries we found a considerable number of persons engaged in copying the higher-class pictures, and observed that the sale of these copies, wonderfully well executed, forms a leading trade in the town, along with the sale of photographs. A not less important trade is that of preparing and selling a particular kind of mosaics. The Florentine mosaic, composed of fewer pieces than that of Rome, is more striking when seen at a little distance; the very minuteness of the smaller Roman mosaics giving them almost the appearance of paintings. Few strangers pass through Florence without purchasing a brooch or some other specimen of this elegant work from one of the many dealers whose shops line both sides of an ancient bridge across the Arno. In this we followed the customary example, and prepared to set out for Rome, on which, from the present concentration of public interest, I shall have to go somewhat more into detail.

ROME: GENERAL SKETCH.

FROM Florence we took the road to Rome by way of Siena, for which there was the inducement of a railway so far, and the opportunity of visiting a very ancient city, containing, among other matters of curious interest for tourists, the shrine of SANTA CATRINA VIRGO SIENENSIS, a saint of whose extraordinary character and career not a little has been written.* Even with such attractions, I should not recommend any one to follow our example. From Siena to Rome is a ride of twenty-nine hours by diligence. The route, as we found, lay through a dismal district of country, composed of low hills of bluish clay, that seem in process of dissolving, like the soft clammy sides of a railway cutting, and from which a poor-looking set of people wring so sorry a means of existence, that some of them are said, on occasion, to eke out their living by brigandage. Not quite aware of this bad reputation of the road, we were a little startled on finding that as night set in, on approaching the papal frontier, two police-officers, each armed with a gun and pistol, seated themselves in the rear of the diligence for the general protection. Fortunately, the vehicle suffered no other interruption than unconscionably long delays in changing horses, and in occasionally receiving the aid of teams of bullocks, to overcome the more difficult ascents. At the frontier, passports were examined

* I am spared giving any account of St Catherine of Siena, and the house which she inhabited, by referring to the late work of Mr T. A. Trollope, *A Decade of Italian Women*, where the subject is fully treated.

—the first time mine had been asked for since leaving home—and with this single incident to disturb our slumbers in the corners of the coupé, the morning was well advanced when we reached Viterbo, at which French soldiers first come into notice.

Further onwards, the country improves in verdure, but is still hilly, and at every pause we are beset by beggars; the condition of various small towns through which we pass being most wretched. In the afternoon, when our period of confinement in the jangling machine approaches its termination, we emerge from the grassy heights, and there, at the bottom of the descent, rolls the Tiber, as swift and muddy as it was in the days of Horace and Virgil. By the modern Ponte Molle, we cross to the left bank, and from about this point, have the first and not a very imposing view of the Eternal City. A mile more of this road of historical interest—for we are on the Flaminian Way—brings us to the great northern gateway of Rome, the Porta del Popolo. The capacious entrance, guarded by a French sentinel, receives us, but we are not permitted to proceed without going through the ceremonial of delivering up our passports in exchange for printed receipts, which, in turn, are to be exchanged within three days for regular *cartes de séjour*. This affair over, we go on to the post-office, have our baggage examined, and are then suffered to explore our way in a cab in quest of hotel accommodation—not an easy thing to discover on the approach of Easter, but at length find a harbourage for the ensuing month in the world-renowned Piazza di Spagna.*

The first look of Rome shakes one's preconceived notions.

* This open *Place* is of a triangular form, environed by substantial buildings; among these, hotels, lodging-houses, offices of commission agents, and shops (two of them of booksellers, with reading-rooms), mostly for the accommodation of the English, are conspicuous. Though we had little reason to be pleased with the hotel in which we were here forced to reside, the Piazza has its advantages. It is open and airy, close to the promenade on the Pincio on one side, and not far from the Corso on the other, has a good cab-stand, and is but a short direct walk from the English chapel outside the Porta del Popolo.

With an imagination inflamed by historical and poetic recollections, we have not fully realised the fact, that the Rome of the present day bears no resemblance whatever to the Rome of the Cæsars—that it can hardly be said to stand on the same spot of ground—that it is a comparatively modern city, built very much in the style of the older part of Paris, consisting, for the most part, of narrow and not overclean thoroughfares, lined with tall but substantial edifices of a dull, yellowish-coloured stone. Except it be this stone—the inexhaustible travertine of the neighbourhood—also a few relics of antiquity, there is positively nothing shared in common between old and new Rome. Yet, with so little to satisfy cherished fancies on the subject, and so much to give pain as regards the social aspects of the place, there is that about Rome which still makes it a wonder of the world, and must ever draw a crowd of pilgrims from the uttermost ends of the earth. There are two things alone, one ancient and one modern—the ruins of the Colosseum and St Peter's—a sight of either of which is worth all the trouble and cost of a journey of thousands of miles. Like the Pyramids, they are unmatched—each the grandest thing of the kind ever raised by the hand of man—the Colosseum overwhelming us with its vastness and historical associations—St Peter's, the marvel of architectural genius, the glory of Michael Angelo.

But Rome, commonplace as it is in a variety of respects, is not devoid of other objects of interest, and for several weeks one has enough on hand of sight-seeing, independently of the ceremonials which usually close the season for visitors. There are books which affect to describe how Rome ought to be seen piecemeal, without going over the same ground twice; but I could pay no attention to these methodic directions, and visiting certain spots again and again, endeavoured to store the greedy memory with indelible recollections. Scarcely taking time to procure a general notion of the place, I began with the ruins of the ancient city, and they were the last things I visited. 'Take us,' I said to our courier, on the morning after our arrival, 'to the Forum and Colosseum;' and accompanied by this skilled cicerone, we drove

across the town to the southern environs. Issuing from a series of complicated thoroughfares, we are brought suddenly on a spectacle of ruined grandeur, the more saddening on account of the number of objects of absorbing interest which are comprehended within an unexpectedly limited space—a mere strip, about half a mile in length. The Capitol, Roman Forum, the arches of Septimius Severus, Titus, and Constantine, the Colosseum, several groups of columns, the fragments of temples, besides certain unshapely masses which are said to be the ruins of baths; there they are all in a cluster, so we have only to look about us, and examine and ponder at leisure. Intelligent explanations, however, are required to make us understand the original aspect of matters in this quarter, for the very ground is not what it was. It would almost seem as if streets grew in the course of ages. The pavements of Roman London are level with the cellars of Cheapside, and, in the same way, the floor of the Forum and the adjoining arch of Septimius Severus are sunk sixteen to twenty feet below the level of the modern roadways. There are other discordances. On the raised thoroughfares, composed of the wreck of ancient edifices, are placed ungainly buildings, occupied by a humble order of inhabitants; and it accordingly requires patience and investigation to raise up in the mind anything like a correct picture of things in their original condition.

Leading straight southwards through the centre of the town, the Corso, or principal street, terminates near the base of the Capitol, and it is on the opposite side of this mount, now occupied by modern structures, that we find the series of fragments of old Rome just referred to; they lead to what is now the open country, but which is known to have been at one time plentifully dotted over with structures of great magnitude and beauty. Burned, repeatedly pillaged and destroyed by warlike aggression or defence, and exposed to overwhelming inundations of the Tiber, the ancient buildings sunk in undistinguishable heaps, or surviving as shattered remnants, became convenient quarries whence building materials could be procured—the most majestic remains being sometimes carried off to be burned as lime. The adorning

of churches with marble columns taken from the ancient basilicas and temples, was another prolific cause of bereavement. Latterly, these several kinds of private and public rapine were stayed by the papal authority ; and at various places we are reminded by inscriptions of what PONT. MAX. has done to repair the ruins, or to secure them from further dilapidation. So far Pont. Max., whoever for the time he happened to be, has performed a meritorious service ; but to all appearance it will require a more vigorous rule, and one with a better replenished exchequer, to open up and do full justice to the noble remains which, in a variety of instances, are in a neglected and far from creditable condition.

From the number of photographs now so common of the more remarkable ruins of ancient Rome, as well as from the inadequacy of language to convey a correct idea of their appearance, I need enter on no description of those mournfully desolate memorials of the great people who once made this the centre of their empire. By what survives of the anciently paved Via Sacra, stretching beyond the arch erected in honour of Titus and his capture of Jerusalem, we reach the Colosseum, to which adjoins the greatest of all the Roman triumphal arches, that of Constantine, still wonderfully complete in all its inscriptions and ornamental details. The Colosseum is also more entire than I had been led to expect. Robbed of much of its outer wall, and with the seats in the interior gone, the structure is yet so complete, within and without, that we are quite able to understand how it accommodated the eighty thousand spectators who looked down on the savage gladiatorial combats, or the scarcely more fierce encounters of wild animals, which for public amusement once took place in its capacious arena. Several passages and stairs within the massive edifice remain in almost their original state, and supplemented with some superficial modern additions, a large portion of the summit and intermediate points of outlook are accessible to visitors. Ascending to the top, under the guidance of the custodier, I shall not soon forget the imposing view that was presented of this magnificent amphitheatre

—its vaultings laid bare and spectral, like a huge skeleton with brown, weather-stained ribs, decked in an exuberant vegetable growth, as if nature were making an effort to shroud and soften the ravages which time and the hand of the despoiler had wrought on the surface. Of an oval form, and standing on nearly six acres of ground, the floor or arena measuring 278 feet in length, by 177 feet in width, is now a clear space, encumbered only by a pulpit and paltry black wooden cross, with a number of painted 'stations' around, at which crowds of worshippers go through certain religious observances. I had several times an opportunity of hearing a preaching friar hold forth in a fervid harangue within the enclosure, and on the occasion of my mounting to the top, I beheld a strange ceremonial, in which a migratory crowd in masks, and carrying poles with lanterns, slowly paced from station to station, their monotonous repetition of prayers and wailing chants ungraciously disturbing, as I thought, the impressive silence of the gray old ruin.

Stuck about amidst a mean order of dwellings—sometimes as façades and doorways to churches, sometimes as excrescences on tradesmen's houses, and sometimes by an exertion of archaeological taste relieved and standing out from the objects which surround them—we see all that remains of temples, palaces, or monumental structures dating as early as from the first to the third century. At a short distance from the singularly copious assemblage of objects in which the relics of the Roman Forum are included, we come upon a species of open square, in which, as in a pit environed by a retaining wall, is the Forum of Trajan, a mere assemblage of stunted broken pillars, along with the massive column entire, which was erected in honour of the same emperor about the year 114. Consisting of white marble (now discoloured into a dingy yellowish hue), spirally decorated with figures, and reaching a height of 127 feet, this column is universally considered to be the most beautiful of all works of the kind ever executed. Of lesser columns there are several in different places, and what may be thought a profusion of Egyptian obelisks in red granite, brought to Rome by ancient conquerors, and which have

been set up from time to time on modern pedestals by successive popes. Among all the ancient buildings, only one is so well preserved as to be in common use. I allude to the Pantheon, a circular building lighted by a round hole in the centre of the dome, and transformed into a church, with no other substantial change than the substitution of figures of the Virgin and saints for those which represented heathen deities. The ancient Corinthian portico, no way altered, is among the finest things in Rome.

The Pantheon, the Antonine column, and the Pons Ælius (now the Ponte St Angelo), are the principal objects of antiquity noticed by strangers in the central part of the city ; the fragmentary remains of baths, temples, and other ancient edifices being too much hidden by modern buildings to be much sought for. The bulk of what is interesting lies, as has been said, in the southern and south-eastern environs, within as well as without the walls. In these quarters, the visitor spends days in exploring the palace of the Cæsars, the baths of Titus and of Caracalla, the tombs and monuments which stretch for miles along the Appian Way, the stupendous aqueducts which, after 2000 years, still supply the city with water from the brooks of Latium ; and he would leave the investigation but half finished if he did not drive a distance of eighteen miles to see the extensive ruins of the villa of Hadrian and the temple of the Sybil at the adjoining picturesque town of Tivoli. It is only by visiting these and other ruins, and seeing how they are stripped of their mosaics, statues, and the other decorative objects which once enriched them, that we discover the extent of the removals, and learn whence were drawn the stores which are now assembled in the public museums and private collections of Rome. If the church is to be reproached as a despoiler, it is not undeserving of praise as a conservator. By many of the cardinals in past times, painstaking and costly explorations of ruins in Rome and its neighbourhood were carried on purely for the recovery of ancient works of art ; and if they did embellish their palaces and villas with the objects they so rescued, are not these collections in effect freely open to the public as an intellectual treat in all time to come ? Often sacrificing

almost their entire revenues in order to secure and bequeath these subjects of perpetual admiration, we may join in the remark made by Forsyth—‘How seldom are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England!’

Originally occupying the summits and slopes with intervening hollows of a series of low hills, which left the Campus Martius a level stretch of ground between them and the left or eastern bank of the Tiber, Rome has shifted its site to this level tract, leaving the hills to be occupied either as gardens or by extensive villas and their walled enclosures. As early as the reign of Augustus, the Campus Martius began to be used as a site for baths, temples, and commemorative columns, and it would seem to have been gradually intruded on by a humble class of buildings, in that irregular manner which causes so much intricacy on the verge of the Forum and Capitol. Probably with a view to unite the more ancient city with that on the west bank of the Tiber, in which are situated St Peter's, the Vatican, and the Castle of St Angelo, Sixtus V. extended the present town over the Campus Martius. If we except some ancient structures that had been placed in this plain—of which the Pantheon and Antonine column are examples—the town, which now stretches to the Tiber and Porta del Popolo, is of no older date than the conclusion of the sixteenth century, or about the reign of our Queen Elizabeth: and though increasing in population, the number of inhabitants at the present day, including those in the portion of the city which lies on the right bank of the Tiber, is under 200,000. Adopting the French model, the houses are usually built to a height of five or six stories, each floor a different dwelling, and the whole reached by common stairs; such accesses, however, being under no charge of a keeper as in Paris, but open to all without hindrance, as in Geneva and the older parts of Edinburgh. Yet, there are conspicuous exceptions to this general form of construction. I refer to those palazzos or palaces of native families of distinction, accepted as the best examples of Italian architecture, and containing the private galleries of pictures and sculptures, which are among the chief sights of

Rome. Tall, bulky, of fine proportions, and possessing spacious vestibules, which open on quadrangular courtyards embellished with marble columns, statues, and, it may be, orange-trees and flowers, these palaces are scattered about irregularly in all directions. Some of them line and give dignity to the Corso, and some are a frontage to piazzas (open spaces), to which they have imparted their names; but a number of them are awkwardly placed in the midst of crooked lanes, and to reach them, we have to perform many perplexing turnings and windings. Rome, in short, may be said to have no 'West End' or genteel quarter; for although there are portions inhabited exclusively by the humbler classes, there is, on the whole, a jumble of high and low—princes, churchmen, artists, shopkeepers, and mechanics in inextricable confusion. There is also, for the most part, something shabby and incongruous in the aspect of these Roman palaces. Their ground-story exhibits a row of small windows without glass, stanchioned like a prison, or it is occupied by petty cavernous shops, or it is plastered over with affiches, or it forms a convenient piece of wall on which a poor stall-keeper hangs his prints, or it is seized on for the exhibition of second-hand furniture, or it is made use of by a weaver of rush-mats for carrying on his industrial operations. Nor are the upper parts of these mansions always such as we might expect; for as Rome is utterly destitute of drying-grounds, the windows of the entresole are naturally enough pressed into the service of the laundress, and passengers have occasionally an opportunity of seeing specimens of the family linen. The narrow lanes, too, which in some instances bound the end or rear of these princely fabrics, are kept in a state which would scarcely satisfy a sanitary commission. Strange to say, the deposit of domestic refuse is invited. On the corners of buildings which abut on the public thoroughfares, is seen painted up the word, *Immondizio*, which, as an obliging announcement that dirt may be shot with impunity, meets, as may be supposed, with a liberal response. The cleaning effected by a meagre body of poor old men is very defective; vegetable refuse often lying scattered about the streets for days.

Visits to the palace-like villas and grounds of the Albani, Borghese, Ludovisi, Pamphilia-Doria, Spada, Torlonia, and several others, were among the more agreeable of our morning-drives. Setting aside the mild winter climate, and the liberty of visiting these shady retreats, the chief attraction to Rome consists, as we are told, in the very charming society which is here concentrated annually from November till the beginning of May. Unable to offer any opinion on this point, I content myself with saying, that to a stranger Rome appears not the most agreeable town which might be selected as a residence. Torpid and hemmed in with walls, there is, even with all proper allowance as to the suburban villas, a confined look about the place. The only public promenade available at all hours is the very limited piece of ornamental ground on the Pincio; and with other desirable improvements, it may be said that Rome waits to have its environing walls knocked down, and their site transformed into a series of Boulevards.

We were of course prepared in some degree for the notorious results of a long period of misgovernment, and for the appearance of the foreign soldiery by which alone the effete fabric of the state is held together. Even the least fastidious can hardly get reconciled to the abject mendicancy which besets and distracts him at every turn, to the general system of espionage, censorship of the press, and frequent detention of letters and newspapers, to the scandalous charges and harassing arrangements connected with passports; or to the fact that, independently of the strong patrols of armed and ever-watchful police, about every sixth man he meets is a French soldier. Progress in almost everything but the fine arts appears to be either repressed or regarded with indifference. All labour is still performed by the hand. The distaff continues in use, and it may be doubted if the people are yet acquainted with the spinning-wheel. Clothmakers and dyers spread out their yarn on the streets in the homely fashion of two centuries ago in England. Weaving is executed on small wooden looms, some of which, I observed, had not got the length of the fly-shuttle. It is with such a rude apparatus that the pretty

Roman scarfs are woven by girls in the shops where they are sold : one will be made to order within four-and-twenty hours. Pottery and glass, as also beads and a number of other articles, are in the like manner produced on a small scale in the living-room of the family. The baker's oven is behind his counter, as was the case in Pompeii two thousand years since. I had a fancy to visit some of the printing-offices, and found that in them, as in every other industrial establishment, the work is performed altogether by the hand. In the printing-room connected with the college of the Propaganda, there were only six hand-presses, and the impressions slowly executed by them were on coarse hand-made paper. In the office of the only newspaper printed in Rome, there was a larger number of presses, including one of the cylinder kind, but all were wrought by manual labour, which was admitted to be sufficient, for the impressions of the newspaper were said to be seldom above 800 copies. In the copy which fell into my hands there were only two advertisements ; one of these was from the gas-company by which Rome is lighted, and was subscribed by an Englishman. I was told there was nowhere any steam-moved printing-machine ; indeed, as far as I could learn, there is no steam-engine of any kind within the walls of Rome.

Industry, carried on however primitively, must in time, as one would think, be followed by the promised reward for thrift and professional diligence. But if riches are accumulated in Rome, they do not assume the shape of expanded business establishments. There are large hotels in which considerable capital is sunk, but we do not see many other concerns on an extensive scale. Few shops possess a stock of goods that would fill a cart ; and the appearance of the business establishments generally, does not come up to what one may find in any country town in England. An explanation of this universal backwardness and absence of enterprise will, I fear, have to be sought in the political condition of Rome.

Apart from ecclesiastical affairs, the only professions that can really be said to flourish, are those connected with objects of

taste—sculptures, pictures, mosaics, and cameos—all produced by individual exertion. For the execution, at least of pictures, Rome is alleged to be particularly favourable on account of its steady clear light, more equable than that of either Paris or London. An artist said to me, ‘I can paint all the year round till four o’clock in the afternoon, which I could not do in England.’ There are, however, other advantages. Not to speak of the abundance of models—the very beggars presenting picturesque subjects for the canvas—there is a large choice of trained hands at moderate wages to execute inferior details, a circumstance of much importance in the profession of the sculptor. Perhaps the greatest advantage of all is the fact, that Rome is a recognised market for the disposal of works connected with the fine arts; and thither, accordingly, flock persons of fortune who desire to order statues, busts, and pictures for their collections. Purchasers, however, do not confine themselves to originals. Here, as in Florence, there is a numerous body of artists, if I may so call them, who make a livelihood by copying pictures in the public and private galleries, and for these there is a constant sale, at prices varying from £10 to £100. I heard of an American gentleman who had lately purchased two thousand pounds worth of copies to take to St Francisco. I have alluded to the number of photographs of various parts of Rome. The production of these is now carried on more extensively than perhaps any other branch of art; there being several concerned in the business. I had the pleasure of looking over the collection of Mr Macpherson, at his studio in the Vicolo d’Alibert, and was surprised to find that he had as many as 294 distinct subjects photographed, all uniform in size, and calculated to afford a correct idea of the more interesting ruins, statues, and pictures usually visited by strangers.

ROME: ST PETER'S, EASTER CEREMONIALS.

TO a winter and spring residence in Rome, Easter is the crowning point; the last twinkle of the illumination of St Peter's on the night of Easter Sunday being the signal to settle bills, pack up, and begone. Besides those habitual frequenters who profess to be attracted by a climate which admits of sitting with open windows in December and January—and who perhaps contrive to undo any good from that source by means of soirées, balls, and other amusements—there is the stream of casual visitors, who begin to drop in for the Carnival, and which continues to augment in volume all through Lent, till it becomes a perfect torrent at Palm Sunday, when the ceremonials of Holy-Week commence. In expectation of this periodical visitation, the hotels, which for months have been reduced to a mere staff of officials, now recall their garçons, and go into full play; there is a distinctly marked increase in the number of street-cabs, as well as in the amount of their charges; and as for the army of beggars, we can easily imagine how they don their worst possible rags, in preparation for this their great annual harvest.

Arriving in Rome a fortnight in advance of Holy-Week, we had time to visit St Peter's, and other popular places of resort while they were still in a state of comparative solitude. A sight of St Peter's may be said to have this unfortunate effect, that it renders a person careless about seeing grand churches all the rest of his life. St John Lateran is marvellously fine, so is St Mary Maggiore, and so is St Paul's, now in course of erection beyond the walls. I could speak also of the elegance of the

church of the Jesuits, and many others ; for there is an abundance of such structures, each celebrated for some special object of attraction, and which, being got up at an immense cost, cannot but have pressed as exhaustingly on public and private finance, as on the resources of art. Seeing them to satiety, we are constantly tempted to wish that some share of genius had been left to be employed in a manner not so purely ecclesiastical. To the ten millions said to have been expended in completing St Peter's, it seems almost ungracious to take exception ; for it is no small matter to produce a work of art so stupendous yet harmonious in all its proportions as to be an example of what it is possible for man to execute, as a temple consecrated to the worship of the Supreme Being. Unfortunately, this superb structure is placed in a situation ill calculated to render it impressive. It stands on the outer edge of a stretch of somewhat low ground on the right bank of the Tiber, and is so overhung by the hilly range of the Janiculum, as to be seen only in front ; and even there no proper view is to be obtained, for the noble piazza where it stands is hemmed in with a cluster of narrow streets leading from the bridge of St Angelo. Gaining the piazza by these comparatively mean thoroughfares, there is still something to regret. Being built in the form of a Latin cross, the long limb of which is towards the spectator, the dome is partially hid by the façade. In a word, a good outer view of St Peter's is only to be obtained from the Pincio on the other side of the town, and that is too far off to discriminate details. Chance, not taste, determined this site on the western verge of the city. It was here that the remains of St Peter were interred after he suffered martyrdom on an adjoining mount, and a church, which was afterwards erected on the spot by Constantine, having fallen to decay, the design of superseding it by a new building was taken up by successive popes, till at length the present edifice was planned by Michael Angelo. Dying in 1563, before the work was more than half finished, this great architect's design of a Greek cross was departed from, by which change the interior is certainly improved by additional length, but at the sacrifice


of a full near view of the dome on the outside. Whatever may be this defect, it is forgotten on entering the building.

It was a sunny afternoon, about five o'clock, when we paid our first visit to St Peter's. On pushing aside the ponderous curtain which hangs in the central doorway, and looking along the spacious nave, dotted over with only a few strangers and devotees, our immediate feeling was that we now saw the grandest thing we had ever seen in our lives. The great extent of variegated marble floor, the high Corinthian pilasters, faced with marble slabs and medallions, and decorated with colossal sculptured figures, the roof enriched with paintings and mosaics, the high-altar and its lofty bronze baldacchino or canopy beneath the dome, fronted by a white marble balustrade, on which are arranged nearly a hundred lamps, burning in honour of the shrine of St Peter—these leading features of the edifice, with minor accessories, including the side-altars and marble monuments on the walls, conveyed that overpowering sense of magnitude and grandeur which it had been doubtless the object of the architect to create. Nor is there anything to mar the general effect. The only parts screened off for the ordinary services are the side-chapels, and the vast floor being unencumbered with pews, it may be freely perambulated from end to end ; and yet, notwithstanding the almost constant thoroughfare to and fro, such is the care taken by officials, that it appears in as good order as it was at its completion two hundred and fifty years ago. Several hours may be agreeably spent in examining the more interesting details, independently of the time required for ascending to the balcony around the dome, whence there is an extensive prospect over the city and country as far as the Mediterranean. No justice, however, can be done to St Peter's without repeated visits at different times of the day ; one thing being remarked with satisfaction, that on all occasions you are left to lounge about as unchallenged and unmolested as if you were in the public street.

The general resemblance between St Peter's and St Paul's, in London, has frequently provoked comparisons. Except in the single advantage of a more commanding situation, St Paul's is

very inferior to St Peter's, for, to say nothing of internal appearance, it might stand inside of it ; yet, though greater in height and dimensions, nowhere does the dome of St Peter's present such placid dignity as St Paul's seen from Blackfriars' Bridge—so much in architecture depends on situation.

From a covered continuation of the portico in front of St Peter's, visitors ascend by broad flights of steps to the cluster of buildings on the north, containing the Sistine Chapel and various departments connected with the Vatican, of which the principal are the Museum of Sculptures, the Gallery of Pictures, the Library, and the Studio whence have been furnished several of those large and beautiful mosaics which enrich the International Exhibition. If the visitor has already seen the Venus de Medici at Florence, and the Laocoon and Apollo Belvidere in the Vatican, he has to see the Dying Gladiator in the Museum at the Capitol to attain to the satisfaction of having beheld the four great works of ancient art, which nothing is said yet to have equalled. On the same principle, the picture-gallery of the Vatican, with its Transfiguration by Raphael, may be said to close a person's career after his experiences of pictures elsewhere, and to make him feel that, being in a manner used up in his admiration for art, he must fall back on simple nature for his enjoyment of the beautiful. Wandering from collection to collection of one kind or other in Rome, the mind becomes bewildered with the multiplicity of objects, which are not alone celebrated for their artistic excellence, but the part assigned to them in history and legend. The trophies of Marius and the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol ; the gigantic marble figure of Pompey, at the foot of which 'great Caesar fell,' now in the Palazza Spada ; numberless figures of pagan gods, goddesses, and mythic heroes, dug from ruins and gardens ; almost as numerous statues and pictures of the Virgin and Child ; and representations of holy families, crucifixions, and martyrdoms without end—such are among the objects which task the memory, and are mingled with recollections of ruins, churches, and dramatic religious pageants.



The Easter ceremonials which form so great an attraction, commence, as has been said, on Palm Sunday—this year the 13th of April—and of what these were, I may say a few words. During Holy-Week, as it is called in Rome, shops are open as usual, and some kinds of public amusements are permitted. One of the entertainments during our stay consisted in *tableaux vivants*, given in the Palazzo Braschi. The subjects were Holy Families, the Transfiguration, and similar subjects after Raphael's pictures—admission, a scudo. We found them dull and wearisome, though some of the figures were not badly represented. The chief external differences during the week are in the churches, where altars are less decorated than usual, and crucifixes, and some pictures and sculptured figures are shrouded in black crape, as mourning.

The stir begins on the morning of Palm Sunday. About nine o'clock, St Peter's having received a great multitude of people, all in their best attire, one of the papal regiments enters, and forms a clear passage up the central aisle. Shortly afterwards the 'noble guard,' as it is called, of the Pope—a superior body of men—takes its place, and the *corps-diplomatique* and distinguished ecclesiastics arrive, all taking their respective seats in rows in the space behind the high-altar, which is draped and fitted up with carpets for the occasion. The Pope's chief sacristan now brings in an armful of so-called palms, and places them on the altar. These are stalks about three feet long, resembling a walking-cane dressed up in scraps not unlike yellow straw; they are sticks with bleached palm leaves tied on them in a tasteful way. The preparation of these substitutes for the palm is a matter of heritage, with which a story is connected. When Sextus V. (1585—90) undertook to erect in the open space in front of St Peter's, the tall Egyptian obelisk which formerly adorned Nero's circus, he forbade any one to speak on pain of death, lest the attention of the workmen should be diverted from their arduous task. A naval officer of St Remo, who happened to be present, foreseeing that the ropes would take fire, cried out to 'apply water.' He was immediately arrested,

Miserere. Various authors, whom Baini enumerates, afterwards composed *Miserere*; but the celebrated composition of Gregorio Allegri, a Roman, who entered the Papal College of singers in 1629, was the most successful, and was for some time sung on all the days of Tenebræ. Ultimately, the various compositions were eclipsed by the *Miserere* composed by Bai; but since 1821 the compositions of Baini, Bai, and Allegri are sung on the three successive days, the two latter sometimes blended together. The first verse is sung in harmony, the second in plain chant, and so successively till the last verse.'

At the office of the *Miserere*, a ceremony takes place that may be described from the same authority: 'A triangular candlestick, upon which are fifteen candles, corresponding to the number of psalms recited, is placed at the epistle side of the altar. After each psalm one of the candles is extinguished by a master of the ceremonies, and after the Benedictus the candle on the top is alone not extinguished, but it is removed and concealed behind the altar, and brought out at the end of the service; while that canticle is sung the six candles on the altar also are extinguished, as well as those above the rails. The custom of concealing the last and most elevated candle, and of bringing it forward burning at the end of the service, is in allusion to the death and resurrection of Christ, whose light is represented by burning tapers. In the same manner, the other candles extinguished one after another, may represent the prophets successively put to death before their divine Lord.'

The ceremonies of next day, Holy-Thursday, may be described more in detail. The first to be referred to is Blessing the Oils. This ceremony takes place in St Peter's during mass, the cardinal archpriest, or a bishop in his stead, officiating. There are three varieties of the oil to be blessed. The first is the oil of catechumens, used in blessing baptism, in consecrating churches and altars, in ordaining priests, and in blessing and crowning sovereigns. The second is the oil used in administering extreme unction to the apparently dying. Third, the sacred chrism, composed of oil and balm of Gilead or of the West Indies, and

which is used in confirmation, the consecration of bishops, patens, and chalices, and in the blessing of bells. The Roman Pontifical prescribes, that besides the bishop and the usual ministers, there should be present twelve priests, seven deacons, and seven sub-deacons, all habited in white vestments. The bishop sits down before a table facing the altar, and exorcises and blesses the oil for the sick, which is brought in by a sub-deacon. He then proceeds with the mass, during which the balsam is brought in, and also the oil for the chrism and that for the catechumens, by two deacons. The bishop blesses the balsam, and mixes it with some oil; he then breathes three times in the form of a cross over the vessel of the chrism, as do the twelve priests also. Next follows the blessing, and then the salutation of the chrism; the latter is made three times, by the bishop and each of the twelve priests in succession saying, 'Hail, holy chrism,' after which they kiss the vessel which contains it. The oil of catechumens is blessed and saluted in like manner; and with the remaining part of the mass the rite terminates. Roman Catholic writers adduce various authorities and traditions sanctioning these ceremonies.

The silencing of the bells is one of the strange usages of the day. In the Sistine Chapel, at the performance of mass, after the Gloria in Excelsis is sung, no bells are allowed to be rung in Rome, except at the Papal benediction, until the same canticle is sung in the Papal Chapel on the following Saturday morning. In other words, all the bells in Rome are mute from about half-past eleven on Thursday morning till the same time on Saturday. During this period of two days, such is the force of the custom, that hand-bells, usually employed in hotels to be rung for dinner, are silent. So likewise bells rung for school remain mute. As a substitute for bells, it is the practice to use a kind of wooden clappers, or *troccola*. These are in the form of wooden boxes, with some interior mechanism turned by a handle, so as to make a disagreeable clattering noise. This species of troccole is said to have been used anciently by the Greeks. The silencing of the bells—a signal comfort to the

ears in some parts of Rome—being prescribed in ancient rituals, is thus enforced as one of the old customs of the church.

The great ceremony of this day, however, is the feet-washing in St Peter's. While waiting to see this take place, we observe a sudden commotion. From a balcony near the high-altar, there are exhibited some sacred relics, but what they are we cannot learn, nor at the distance above the floor can we see what they are like. This over, we prepare for the entrance of the Pope. Having, in his way from the Vatican, bestowed a public benediction over the portico of St Peter's, his Holiness now enters, dressed very plainly in white, with a red cope, and a small white skull-cap ; and instead of being carried he walks, for the object of the usages in which he is concerned is to typify the humility of Christ on the night of the Last Supper. After mass at the Sistine Chapel, his Holiness, about one o'clock, proceeds to the balcony over the central door of St Peter's, and there pronounces his general benediction. As this is repeated in grander style on Easter Sunday, there is usually no great concourse of spectators. Descending to the church, the Pope proceeds to the northern transept, which is fitted up for the occasion. On the north is his chair of state ; on the west and ranged along the draped wall, embellished with a tapestry picture of the Last Supper, is a bench or seat elevated on a platform so as to be conspicuous. The other parts of the transept are fitted with seats for distinguished persons, also for ladies who are suitably dressed and provided with tickets. Just as the Pope is about to take his seat, there enter from a side-door thirteen bishops, dressed in high white caps and white garments. Twelve of these represent the apostles, whose feet were washed by Christ, and the thirteenth represents an angel, who, according to the legend, appeared to Gregory the Great (590—604) while he was performing an act of charity to poor persons. These thirteen bishops, who are all habited alike, take their seats gravely on the bench along the wall, and are the objects of general attention ; for it is their feet which the Pope is about to wash. After some singing and reading of passages of Scripture, the Pope's cope is

taken off, an embroidered apron is put on, and a towel is fastened to his waist by the assisting cardinal deacons; and then he washes and kisses the right foot of each of the thirteen priests. It is to be understood that the washing is of the slightest possible kind. Little time is occupied. The ceremony terminates by each receiving from the Pope a towel and a nosegay, besides a gold and silver medal which are presented by the treasurer. The Pope now washes his hands, is re-invested in his red cope, and proceeds immediately to the next act of humiliation.

Conducted in procession from the northern transept, he walks across the nave of St Peter's to a stair which leads to a large apartment above the portico. Here a table is laid, as for a regular meal, the recipients of which are the thirteen priests who have just been honoured by having their feet washed. He gives them water to wash their hands, helps them to soup and other dishes, and pours out wine and water for them to drink. The plates are handed to him by prelates. During the ceremony, one of his chaplains reads prayers. He then blesses them, washes his hands, and departs. The priests who are the objects of these attentions are selected from different countries by the favour of diplomatic agents. Some of them, however, are Italians, selected by officials on the spot, the captain of the Pope's Swiss guard having the privilege of appointing one.

Among the remarkable things in St Peter's, are the number of confessionals, in which are seated clergymen ready to hear the confessions of those who apply to them, and who seem so many religious sentinels at their posts. Still more to accommodate applicants, the confessionals, as is seen by inscriptions on them, are for the French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and Greek, as well as Italian languages. Besides this usual arrangement, the Grand Cardinal Penitentiary sits in a confessional in the afternoon of Holy-Thursday to give absolution for mortal sins which are beyond the sphere of ordinary confession, and which cannot otherwise be absolved. This day, the altars of St Peter's are all stripped, the hundred lamps that usually burn

round the tomb of St Peter are extinguished, and with the chanting of the *Miserere* a general gloom prevails.

It is one of the sights of the week to see the ceremony of washing the feet of a number of so-called pilgrims who have professedly come to visit the holy places. The ceremony takes place on the evening of Holy-Thursday, at an establishment adapted for their accommodation. There are two departments, one for men, and the other for women ; to this last, female spectators are only admitted, and the operators are ladies of rank. After the feet-washing, each class is entertained at supper. I went to the feet-washing of the male pilgrims. On entering a passage, I saw a tremendous crush at the further end, where there was a door opening on a lower floor, in which the ceremony takes place. With some squeezing, I got through the doorway, down a few steps, and found myself in a hot and close apartment, crowded nearly to suffocation. Along one end and side was a bench to be used as a seat, with a foot-board raised off the floor. A paling and guards kept back the crowd. In half an hour, a body of poor-looking people, resembling street-beggars, entered by a side-door, and ranging themselves along the bench, proceeded to take off their shoes and stockings. Several priests now appeared, and one of them having read some prayers, they joined the operators. These are gentlemen of different stations in Rome, who form a confraternity devoted to this and other acts of charity. They are habited in a red jacket, a white cravat, and apron, and sit chatting and laughing till tubs with warm water are brought in, and set one before each person. They now begin the operation of washing, which, performed in a perfunctory way, does not last long. The priests get their hands washed by having hot water poured on them along with the squeeze of a lemon, and another prayer ends the ceremony, which, to my mind, was not pleasing. The whole thing had a got-up look, and one wonders how it should be perpetuated. As the pilgrims are lodged and fed several days, it is not likely the usage will expire for want of applicants.

The evening of Thursday is further signalised by a certain

gaiety in the shops of sausage-makers, candlemakers, and pork-dealers. These establishments are illuminated and decorated in a fantastic way. The most prominent object in each is a picture of the Virgin and Child, enshrined amidst flowers and candles, as on a kind of altar. Festoons of flowers and evergreens are otherwise stuck about, and there is a profusion of small patches of divers colours on the pork, candles, and other articles on the shelves. These grotesque illuminations draw crowds of strangers and others to witness them; the shops so lighted doing apparently a little more business than usual.


The services in the churches on Good-Friday are of the same solemn character as on the preceding day. At the Sistine Chapel, the yellow colour of the candles and torches, and the nakedness of the Pope's throne and of the other seats, denote the desolation of the church. The cardinals do not wear their rings; their dress is of purple, which is their mourning colour; in like manner, the bishops do not wear rings, and their stockings are black. The mace, as well as the soldiers' arms, are reversed. The Pope is habited in a red cope; and he neither wears his ring nor gives his blessing. A sermon is preached by a conventual friar. Among other ceremonies, which we have not space to describe, the crucifix is partially unveiled, and kissed by the Pope, whose shoes are taken off on approaching to do it homage. A procession takes place (across a vestibule) to the Paolina Chapel, where mass is celebrated by the Grand Penitentiary. In the afternoon, the last *Miserere* is chanted in the Sistine Chapel, on which occasion the crowding is very great. After the *Miserere*, the Pope, cardinals, and other clergy, proceed through a covered passage to St Peter's, in order to venerate the relics of the *True Cross*, the *Lance*, and the *Volto Santo*, which are shewn by the canons from the balcony above the statue of St Veronica.*

* The Right Rev. Monsignor Bagge, in the work already quoted, gives a number of particulars concerning these relics. According to this authority, the relic of the true cross was placed here in 1629, by Urban VIII., but it was formed of pieces taken from the churches of S. Anastasia

Notwithstanding the peculiar solemnity of the religious services of the day, the shops, public offices, and places of business, also the palazzos where galleries of pictures are shewn, are open as usual; the only external indications of the religious character of the day being the muteness of the bells. This disregard of Good-Friday at Rome contrasts strangely with the fact, that Roman Catholics shut their shops and abstain from business on that day in Scotland and other countries where it is in no respect a legal *non dies*. If any fault is to be found with the inhabitants of Rome on this score, it will perhaps be extenuated by the fact that they keep Sunday with quite as great propriety as is done in London. All the shops, those of provision-dealers and tobacconists excepted, are shut, and the greatest decorum prevails. Cafés are open, but the humbler classes in Rome are not intemperate; and although considerable numbers stroll about to enjoy the fine evening atmosphere among the ruins of the Forum and Colosseum, no one sees anything like drunkenness. I should in justice add, that neither are there at any time seen such loathsome scenes of dissoluteness as are unfortunately too conspicuous in certain cities in Scotland which I could name.

At Rome, as might be expected, Easter Sunday is celebrated

and S. Croce. The lance with which the side of Christ was pierced had been transferred from Jerusalem to Constantinople in the sixth century, and was presented by Bajazet to Pope Innocent VIII. It is not entire, being broken in the point, but M. Baggs says there can be no doubt of its authenticity, for the fracture corresponds with the point which is preserved at Paris. This writer states that there is another lance, at Nuremberg, but it is of iron, and beyond this fact he pronounces no opinion. As for the Volto Santo, it is stated to be the identical handkerchief with which St Veronica wiped the face of our Saviour when suffering under the weight of the cross, and miraculously bears his likeness. It was deposited in the oratory of the Vatican basilica by John VII. as long ago as 707, and has been preserved in St Peter's since 1410. Of the early history of these several relics no mention is made. No one, not even a sovereign, is allowed to go up where they are preserved without being first appointed a canon of the basilica.




with elaborate ceremonials, for which preparations have been making all the previous week. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannons from the castle of St Angelo, and as early as seven o'clock, carriages with ladies and gentlemen are beginning to pour towards St Peter's. That magnificent basilica is found to be richly decorated for the occasion, the altars are freshly ornamented, and the lights around the tomb and figure of St Peter are now blazing after their temporary extinction. According to usage, the Pope officiates this day at mass in St Peter's, and he does so with every imposing accessory that can be devised. From a hall in the adjoining palace of the Vatican, he is borne into the church, under circumstances of the utmost splendour. Seated in his *Sedia Gestatoria*, his vestments blaze with gold ; on his head he wears the Tiara, a tall round gilded cap representing a triple crown, and which is understood to signify spiritual power, temporal power, and a union of both. Beside him are borne the *fiabelli*, or large fans, composed of ostrich feathers, in which are set the eyelike parts of peacocks' feathers, to signify the eyes or vigilance of the church. Over him is borne a silk canopy richly fringed. Set down in the further end of the edifice, the Pope officiates at mass, at the high-altar under the *baldacchino*. The part which usually excites most interest is when he stretches up his hands in the act of consecration. Suddenly, the military kneel and present arms, and the vast multitude of spectators either kneel, or by bending the head, shew some token of respect. For a moment there is utter silence, which is alone broken by the softly pealing notes of a silver trumpet, followed by the voices of the choir. At the conclusion of this imposing ceremonial, the Pope seats himself in his movable chair of state, and to the sound of music is borne back through the crowded church ; he then ascends to the balcony over the central doorway. There rising from his chair of state, and envired by his principal officers, he pronounces a benediction, with indulgences and absolution. This is the most imposing of all the ceremonies at Rome at this season, and the concourse of people in the area in front of St Peter's is immense.

On the present occasion there were, in addition, at least 10,000 French troops—horse, foot, and artillery—drawn up in the piazza, and ready for any emergency. The crowd, who enjoy the whole as a splendid spectacle, is most dense almost immediately below the balcony at which the Pope appears ; for there papers are thrown down containing a copy of the prayers that have been uttered, and ordinarily there is a scramble to catch them. The prayers, it need hardly be said, are in Latin.*

At the dispersal, the streets for a long distance are lined with people curious to see pass the elegant equipages of the nobles, cardinals, ambassadors, and even princes ; for among them were the carriages containing Francis II., ex-king of Naples, and his family.

On the evening of Easter Sunday, the dome and other exterior parts of St Peter's are beautifully illuminated with lamps. This is the legitimate finale of the proceedings ; but on the evening of Monday some elaborately arranged and costly fireworks are exhibited from the Pincio, and after these popular demonstrations things subside into the ordinary dull routine.

* The following is a translation : 'May the holy apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord. Amen. Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, of the blessed Michael the Archangel, of the blessed John the Baptist, of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and all Saints, may the Omnipotent God have mercy upon you, may all your sins be remitted, and Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen. Indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, space for true and faithful repentance, hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life, may the Omnipotent and merciful God afford you. Amen. And may the blessing of the Omnipotent God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain with you ever. Amen.'



ROME: MATTERS OF SOCIAL CONCERN.

THE effects of general mismanagement present themselves at every step one takes in Rome. Notwithstanding an abundance of charitable institutions, mendicancy flourishes to an extent which the Ireland of twenty years ago could alone rival. I have indeed heard it alleged that begging is made the subject of licence ; those who, from the greater scope for exaction, beg at church-doors, it is said, pay higher than ordinary beggars depending on the run of the streets ; while those who, as a sort of begging aristocracy, stand in front of St Peter's, pay highest of all. In the same way that street-sweepers acquire a species of vested interest in a crossing, so, I apprehend, do the beggars of Rome establish a monopoly of particular stations. During the whole of our stay, the second highest landing-place in the flight of steps which leads to the promenade on the Pincio, was monopolised by a beggar, who, possessing the professional advantage of having to walk on his hands and knees, and trail his legs behind him, suffered no persons to pass without bounding after them, and representing his claims on their compassion. If not absolutely licensed, the beggars of Rome are at least connived at, and also receive a certain encouragement from the example of begging-friars. In the dress of their order, these idlers are permitted to stand occasionally in the outer lobbies of hotels, where, with imploring looks, and holding out begging-boxes, they are glad to receive an alms. Nor are the regular beggars without the bad example strangely set them by persons of good condition. As an act of piety and

humiliation, gentlemen attire themselves in sackcloth gowns with hoods, in which holes are left only for the eyes, and wearing sandals on their bare feet, they are seen with a rope tied around them, and an alms-box in their hand, going about mutely craving doles of money ; their plea that they do so for some charitable purpose being a poor excuse for a practice fraught with so much demoralisation.

That it is quite as consistent with Christian principle to impart to people the means of earning an honest livelihood, as it is now and then in a fit of benevolence to toss them a few coppers, is a fact not very well recognised anywhere, and perhaps in no quarter so little as those portions of Italy, where, in conjunction with long ages of misgovernment, the influence of Rome has been most vigorously exerted. The supposedly sacred obligation of giving alms has not only created hordes of beggars, but helped to induce a too general disposition to depend on donations for the most trifling services, or for no services at all. To our surprise, the hand was often held out to us by persons pursuing some kind of humble occupation, as if it were plainly our duty to give money for the asking—to such an extent has the sense of independence been obliterated in some parts of this shamefully misused country.

Rightly governed, no town in the world would be more free from abject poverty than Rome. Possessing a fine climate, a river as susceptible of improvement for navigable purposes as the Clyde, and a country around so naturally rich in fertile properties as to be unwholesome from their very exuberance, how melancholy to find this ancient and interesting city sunk in a state of chronic poverty, its more educated classes occupying themselves with a repetition of pageants fit only to amuse children, and its only thriving industrial occupation, the execution of such works in high art as can afford no very general means of subsistence. I should be reluctant, however, to impute to the papal government any deliberate intention to do wrong. I daresay it does its best according to its knowledge and

prejudices ; but unhappily that best is totally at variance with the development of national resources. The idleness countenanced in thousands of able-bodied beggars, lay and clerical, is one gross form of disorder. There is also something exceedingly repressive in its custom-house system, for it scrutinises and taxes exports as well as imports. I attempted to send a small box of prints to England through the legitimate channel of the French Messageries Impériales, which has an agency in Rome. But the package could not be received till it had been opened and examined at the custom-house in order to be taxed, and such was the trouble connected with it, that I withdrew it altogether. The circumstance afforded me an opportunity of observing the method of taxing imports. All the foreign goods brought into Rome are unpacked by officials, who examine and impose a duty on every article individually. Every piece of cloth, for example, is measured and authorised to be sold by the affixing of a small leaden stamp. To all other articles, down even to a pair of gloves, or bottle of Eau de Cologne, a similar stamp is attached, as a verification that it has passed the customs ; and any foreign article found in a shop without this little piece of lead dangling from it, is liable to seizure. All imported goods are accordingly dear, and under the influence of protection, so are those of native manufacture. A plan to repress commerce and improvement in the mechanical arts, as well as to keep people poor, could not be more ingeniously devised.

Among the expedients pursued by the papal authorities to raise fiscal duties, is that of taxing the passports of those hosts of strangers, whose ordinary expenditure in Rome must materially contribute to its support. A history of my passport, and the exactions of which it was the subject, might in itself make a diverting paper. First, on entering Rome, it is taken from me in exchange for a receipt. In three days, I give up the receipt, and receive a *carte de séjour*, or permission to live in the town any length of time under three months,

for which I pay a clerk in the police-office two scudi. When about to quit Rome, I take back the permission, and request to have my passport. After a good deal of trouble, I get it, but with the obligation of taking it to the British consul to be viséed. This done, I return with it to the police-office. I am surely to get it back all right now. Not at all. I only get a licence to depart, for which, according to tariff, I pay a scudo, and I am informed I shall find my passport at Civita Vecchia. Next day, on going to the railway station, a man stands in the entrance to the waiting-room, and does not allow me to pass without exhibiting my departure licence. Getting to Civita Vecchia, my passport is handed to me in exchange for the licence; but I am told I must again give it up at the office of the steam-boat, where a police-officer waits to receive it. There I resign it; my passage-ticket from the office satisfies the gendarme who watches at the quay, and I am allowed to step into a boat and quit the Pope's dominions. As for my passport, I know not for a day where it is. It is only when on the point of landing next morning at Naples, that the passports of all on board, mine among the rest, are thrown promiscuously on the table of the saloon, and each may pick and choose for himself. Altogether, the sum exacted by the papal authorities for this passport-business was thirteen shillings; and as a similar sum had to be paid for the passport of our courier, I conclude that three scudi, or thirteen shillings, are the usual charge. The number of strangers who visit Rome annually being said to be about 40,000, it is pretty evident that the clever contrivance of making them pay for liberty to see and spend money in the town, must form an important branch of public revenue.

In the name of the large number of visitants, if not of the native population who dare not remonstrate on the subject, I would also speak of the excessive cost of postage to and from England, which is about double that charged at Naples or any other part under Victor Emmanuel's government. Besides this inexcusable costliness, letters and newspapers are frequently

detained for weeks beyond the proper period for delivery, and sometimes entirely intercepted. One day, while I was in Rome, all the copies of *Galignani* were so confiscated by the post-office, and we had to forego our ordinary English news. As marking the same narrow policy, I may add that I constantly observed official edicts stuck up denouncing the introduction and sale of books touching on Garibaldi and the Italian question. That such works, in French, do get into Rome in spite of these proclamations, is pretty evident; and as that language is now very generally understood, through the long occupation by the French army, it may be presumed that the inhabitants are not so ill instructed in Italian politics as some might imagine. It is but fair, also, to say for the French, that though hated as a foreign force, they are allowed to have been the cause of many useful ameliorations; among which is to be numbered a system of police that gives thorough personal security.

In visiting one of the printing-offices in Rome, I found that the largest impression of any product of the press is that of lottery-tickets. Thousands were in course of being thrown off in obedience to official authority, and the profit on their sale is said to form a branch of the public revenue. I am aware that the purchasing of lottery-tickets is a general Italian weakness, for we found the system going on everywhere; but considering the spiritual character of the Roman government, I should not have expected to find the lottery flourishing so conspicuously, and on so mean a scale, under its patronage. The sale of the tickets takes place at shops throughout the town, and at a price so small as to accommodate the poorer inhabitants. The corrupting effects of this universal gambling may be said to degenerate into superstition. At a humble class of stalls, 'Keys to fortune,' or a kind of dream-books, are sold at a trifling cost. They consist of representations of common objects, such as a house, a tree, an axe, &c., to each of which there is a number from 1 to 90. When a person dreams of one of these objects, he has only to buy the number connected with it, in order to stand a good chance of a prize! In passing through a populous quarter, we

ROME: THE BAMBINO.

A VISIT to Rome would be incomplete without a sight of the Bambino. All strangers are expected to see the Bambino, or, to give him his proper designation, the Santissimo Bambino, or Most Holy Child ; and having been so far fortunate, they may with justice say, they have beheld something more than ordinarily wonderful. Devoting a morning to this purpose, we drove off about ten o'clock to the church of Ara Cœli, one of the most ancient and interesting edifices in Rome, which is situated on the summit of the hill of the Capitol, and described as occupying 'the very centre of the Christian world.' Why this particular church, more than any other, should have received the designation, Ara Cœli—the Altar of Heaven—has been the subject of different legends, of which it would not be easy to offer any intelligible version. Whatever be the origin of the name, there can be no doubt as to the extreme antiquity of the church. On entering it by a flight of steps from the level space on the Capitol, to which there is an easy sloping ascent for carriages, we see that the building is of the style of the old Roman basilicas, consisting of a nave divided from the side-aisles by rows of lofty pillars. These pillars are of different orders of architecture, and do not match. Some of them are the columns of the original temple of Jupiter, out of the remains of which the building was mainly constructed ; while others are from ruined palaces and temples in the neighbourhood—the whole being a species of composition from the wreck of the pagan world, and now forming the church connected with a

monastery of the order of St Francis. Persons familiar with the memoirs of Edward Gibbon, the historian, will recollect that it was in this ancient church that the design of writing his great work occurred to him. He says, that 'it was on the 15th of October 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to his mind.'

Our visit to Ara Cœli was to appearance unavailing. In the silent basilica, there were but two persons—one a ragged pauper 'making his stations,' and a monk who was engaged in brushing up and decorating one of the altars preparatory for Easter Sunday. Perceiving that we were strangers, the monk left off work, and came to offer his services in explaining the antiquities. We said we wished to see the Bambino. He was very sorry—'the Bambino had gone out on a visit, but he would be soon back, and if we pleased, we might in the meanwhile look round the church; there was the old mosaic floor, which was thought very fine; there were several good pictures; and above all, there was the chapel of St Anthony of Padua, with a great number of sketches representing his miraculous interposition in saving persons from being killed in cases of accident.' Escorted by this obliging monk, we sauntered for a time round the church, and took note of its various objects of interest; but as time wore on, and no Bambino was making his appearance, we at length quitted the church, stating that we should return on another occasion.

We did not go far. On descending the steps outside, a respectable family-carriage with a pair of horses drew up. There, surely, was the Bambino at last. The door of the carriage opens, a monk steps out, and receives from another monk, his companion, a box wrapped in scarlet silk. The two ascend the steps, the second monk having somewhat of a superior air, and carrying a book. They enter the church, which they cross to the opposite side, and proceed along a passage; we close at their heels. Turning to the right, they arrive at a small octagonal chapel, having an altar on one side, while on the other is a high cupboard with a door of two leaves elegantly painted and gilded.

The box with its drapery is set down on a table in front of the cupboard. There now appear two other persons on the scene. These are a gentleman and his wife ; and the lady, who is in an interesting situation, kneels down devotionally on a chair which stands conveniently for the purpose. The monk who had carried the book requires no one to tell him what to do. With an experienced eye, he saw what we had come for, and prepared to gratify us. The first thing he did was to equip himself in a chasuble or short surplice, and put on a pair of purple silk gloves ; he then opened the cupboard, and disclosed a large variety of votive-offerings in silver, also two kneeling figures, between which the box is usually deposited. After lighting two candles, and placing them on the table, he removed the cover from the box, which he unlocked ; then he threw back the lid, and let down the front. There was a figure within, but it was concealed from our sight, until the monk delicately drew off a silk coverlet, and exposed to view the object of our visit. There lay the Bambino !

Invited to approach, we beheld a doll of exceeding beauty and splendour, and of the most winning sweetness of countenance. In length, it was about eighteen inches, and is assumed to be an infant of five or six months old, but its features are of more advanced maturity, and its fine dark eyes more grave and piercing than those of a child. On its head, which was supported by a small pillow, it wore a crown of gold, or silver-gilt, decorated with precious stones. Swathed closely in a rich dress of white silk, which was similarly embellished with jewellery, its face, neck, and hands were alone uncovered ; the neck being decorated with pearl beads, and the fingers loaded with rings. On its feet, the points of which projected from the dress, were a pair of golden shoes, or a species of sandals, through the openings of which the toes were partially visible. Besides other embellishments on the dress, there was a large brooch sparkling with divers-coloured gems. The description is completed, when I mention that the doll was of wood, painted to resemble life. Such was the Bambino, on which we gazed for several minutes

in mute astonishment. Not to disturb the devotions of the lady who had come to visit the shrine, we now departed. To enlarge my knowledge of the sacred infant, I returned two days subsequently, and by the courtesy of the same good-natured monk, I had not only a more thorough view of the Bambino, but was afforded some information regarding its character and functions; and at my solicitation, there was also given me a work purporting to be its history, accompanied by an engraved likeness. It may while away a few minutes to peruse the following narrative, which I condense from the historical account of the Holy Child of Ara Cœli.*


The Santissimo Bambino is a miraculous image of the infant Jesus, carved from a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives. The artist by whom it was executed, an exemplary monk of the strict order of St Francis, dedicated to this devout undertaking his conventual hours of leisure during a residence in the city of Jerusalem. This pious labour was prompted not less by the devotional feeling of the artist, than by his design of transferring the image to Rome, where it might kindle Christian love and devotion for the divine child. As regards the date of its execution, its removal to Rome, and the name of the artist, the writer of its history acknowledges his ignorance. 'The earliest record of its presence at Ara Cœli goes no further back than the year 1629, whence it may be concluded that it was enshrined there towards the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century. Let the time of its construction be what it may, it is undeniable that its presence in Rome has been an inexhaustible source of grace and mercy to this favoured city. Nor should we marvel at God thus appropriating to himself this divine figure, seeing the miraculous co-operation which He vouchsafed to lend at its creation. Researches concerning ecclesiastical history and monuments do not shew that any such miraculous display of Divine power has been put forth in favour of all sacred images,

* *Discorso Storico intorno la Prodigiosa Effigie di Gesu Bambino, per il P. Antonio da Cipro, Min. Oss. Roma, tipographia Monaldi, 1861.*

but only of those which, for special ends, are endowed with supernatural powers; consequently (continues the writer), we find that all images possessing miraculous efficacy are of this class, while mere works of art, however great the skill exerted in their execution, are so rarely miraculous, that an excess of finish or refinement might almost be taken for a bar to supernatural virtue. Certainly, it is an established fact, that the images usually appointed by God for miraculous agency are those most destitute of artistic merit; further, that the holy images fashioned by the Divine Hand, or endowed through any other channel, with supernatural power, are, for the most part, rudely executed, but possess features beaming with a modest vivacity and a meek dignity, which irresistibly attract the love and reverence of the beholders; and finally, that our sacred image owes its origin, in part at least, to superhuman and miraculous intervention—a fact we shall now endeavour with indisputable evidence to prove.


‘On the eve of its completion (proceeds the narrator), the devout artist experienced the gravest alarm, lest he should be denied the privilege of imparting the requisite finish to his work, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring in that barbarous region the materials for colouring. His inmost soul was wrung by anguish and anxiety, and in this emergency, he besought that succour which neither art nor human means availed to procure. He cast himself prostrate in humble supplication, and prayed persistently and fervently; and, lo! a faint flush of lifelike glowing colour gradually suffuses the sacred image, and completes it with a finish so faultless, that human art never could have imparted! Fancy can easily picture the amazement and rapture of the holy monk, as well as the heart-felt and ardent gratitude which such Divine condescension inspired!’

The writer here refers to the belief which many entertain, that the features of the Bambino were carved as well as painted by Divine agency; but he does not sustain this extreme view of the case, and is contented with the indisputable fact of the colouring. ‘Now (he goes on to say), a second miraculous event



speedily succeeded to the first. The period of the monk's departure from Jerusalem having arrived, he set out with the view of conveying the figure to Rome, anticipating only a fair and prosperous voyage. The enemy of the human race, however, always alert for evil, concocted the foul design of sending to the bottom of the deep the sacred child, in company with vessel and passengers. By infernal machinations, the sea was lashed into so fierce a tempest as to defy all nautical skill, and to save the vessel from destruction, the sailors wildly threw every movable article overboard, including the box containing the Bambino. But Satan was no gainer by his nefarious schemes, for whilst every other object cast into the ocean sank to the bottom, the miraculous image escaped the universal ruin, and floated in perfect safety to the port of Leghorn. The fact was evident to all. Every inhabitant of the town who commanded a view of the sea, or repaired to the ramparts, clearly beheld the case containing the blessed image leisurely advancing in spite of wind and wave, and finally stranding at the entrance to the port. The news of the event speedily filled the city, and reached a convent of Franciscans, by whom the case had been daily expected. With religious reverence, they received it as a miraculous gift from God, and guarded it with care till it was sent to the place of its destination. It may easily be imagined with what outbursts of joy and adoration the sacred image was welcomed at Rome, as the fame of the miraculous events which had attended its formation and transit had preceded its arrival.' The good monk, its constructor, afterwards arrived safely at his convent of Ara Cœli, where we are told 'his precious treasure speedily began to work wonders, and perform miracles.'


The vicissitudes to which the Bambino was exposed were, however, not ended. 'Such was the fervour of devotion towards the Divine image, that in a transport of piety, a lady rashly stole the holy child, which she designed to keep; but she reaped no advantage from the imprudent larceny; for, at the expiration of a few days, the Santissimo Bambino of its own accord returned miraculously to its wonted shrine at Ara Cœli, amidst the joyous



chimes of all the bells in the church, which spontaneously rung a supernatural and welcome peal in its honour.' The writer says, he is aware there are persons so impious and unscrupulous as to throw out doubts as to the truth of this and other points in his veracious narrative, but not to refer to the marvellous works of the Almighty, he is able to refute these shallow objectors, by calling to recollection two undeniable facts. 'We have only to bring to remembrance the Madonna, who all alone placed herself over the altar of the Augustine church of St Biagio, amidst a miraculous peal from all the bells of the church ; and also how the Madonna of the Oak, near Viterbo, was three times purloined from her chosen oak by the daring hand of a devout zealot, and yet three times miraculously returned to her post in the tree.'

The miraculous return of the Bambino to its shrine, with the attendant miraculous ringing of bells, produced a profound sensation in Rome, and having vastly increased the reputation of the sacred image, the number of precious gifts which it henceforth received was incalculable. 'Besides the emeralds, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, diamonds, and other valuable stones by which it was decked by countless petitioners, there was given to it a resplendent ornament of five pieces, encircled by 162 diamonds set in silver, and valued at 182 crowns. The person who executed this splendid work of art, which represented the Sun of Justice, was the famous Carlo Sartore of Milan, who having to receive the holy child under his roof, fitted up for it a splendid shrine, and there he jealously guarded it while in his possession. The brilliant sunlike ornament called forth the highest admiration from nobles, prelates, and all who frequented the artist's studio, and even his Holiness deigned to approve of the superb workmanship.'

Evil days, alas! overtook the innocent Bambino. Its riches served but to provoke the greed of the sacrilegious. During the political troubles of 1798, its person and shrine were ruthlessly robbed of ornaments and treasures, and but for the pious solicitude of a nun, it would have been broken in pieces or




consumed as firewood. Saved from this calamity, the holy child was preserved for a year and five days in the convent of Trasteverino. While in this seclusion, it was not only the object of continual veneration by the kind-hearted nuns, but was robed by them anew in cloth of silver embroidered with gold, and they further decorated its sacred brow with a circlet of precious metal. So far renovated, the Bambino was conducted back to its shrine, where it was received with every demonstration of affection. Against the savage acts of desecration and robbery, the more respectable Romans had earnestly protested, and in token of their joy at the reinstallation of the Bambino at Ara Cœli, they decreed that one of a new set of bells should be solemnly consecrated to its special honour and service. Fresh gifts of ornaments poured in, and although these are not comparable in richness and splendour to those that were lost, 'yet they afford ample proof of the vitality of true faith and piety in the hearts of Christians.' Daily is the stock of votive-offerings belonging to the Bambino increased, and frequently are additions made to its personal ornaments and equipments. Until within the last two years the holy child was barefooted, a circumstance which so affected a pious and beneficent individual, that he presented it with a pair of shoes of pure gold, made by one of the most skilful working-jewellers in Rome, and which artistic shoes it now becomingly wears. The keeping of a carriage for the Bambino may be thought to be an expensive arrangement for the monks, but it is not so. For the sake of affording relief and consolation to many persons who could not visit the shrine, the idea of subscribing to procure a conveyance for the divine child was often publicly mooted. At length, the Prince d'Alessandro Torlonia, to provide for the exigencies of the infirm and needy among his fellow-citizens, and to do homage to the Bambino, munificently assigned a carriage with horses and driver for the special use of the image, and the whole equipage is kept at his expense.

The Bambino may be said to perform an important part in religious ceremonials as well as in the art of healing, in Rome. At Christmas, it is the object of much veneration; but the

solemnity and pomp with which it is exhibited on this occasion, are greatly outdone at the festival of the Epiphany. Removed from its sacred crib, it is carried in procession to the esplanade outside the church, and there, from a platform, is shewn to the vast multitude, who greet it with devotional shouts of Bambino, Bambino, Santissimo Gesu Bambino! Concluding with a benediction from the Bambino, the priests proceed with the image to the head of the grand flight of steps, at the other end of the church, when the shouts and benediction are repeated. The figure is now reconducted along the chief aisle to the high-altar, and there the benediction is pronounced for the third time. The ceremonial is attended by the officers of the senate, known as the *Fideli del Senato*, as well as an escort of guards. Large numbers of peasantry from the country attend at these imposing solemnities; and during the twelve days from Christmas to Epiphany, the church is crowded by relays of people, to contemplate the perfections of the divine child.

At ordinary times, carefully preserved in its shrine, the Bambino is only taken out to be shewn to devout worshippers or strangers, or when it performs visits to the sick, swaddled in its elegant drapery. In its visits, it is accompanied by two monks, one of whom takes charge of it in its box, while the other performs the religious services on the occasion. In proceeding through the town, a portion of its scarlet drapery hangs from the windows of its carriage, to make people aware of its presence, and give them an opportunity of paying it a passing homage. There is a general belief that the Bambino realises as large a revenue as any medical practitioner in Rome; but this I am unable to verify, and besides referring to what has been stated as to votive-offerings, can only say that on the occasion of my first seeing it, a valuable trinket was lying loosely in its box, the gift at that morning's visit. I learned that, on being brought into the apartment of the invalid who craves its supernatural aid, it is not shewn till a candle has been lighted on a table at each end of its box. It is then devoutly lifted up, and made to stand on an ornamental cushion brought for the purpose, as represented



in the adjoining cut. While in this attitude it receives the supplications of the sick person, who, in token of deep respect, is permitted to kiss its golden shoes. I inquired if invalids might



The Bambino standing on its ornamental Cushion.

kiss its lips, and was told that this is permitted only in particular cases, and under certain restrictions, which does not surprise me. Judging from the manner in which half of the large toe of the bronze figure in St Peter's has been already kissed away, we can see the propriety of not permitting an indiscriminate kissing of the lips of the pretty little Bambino.


Of the efficacy of these visits of the Holy Child of Ara Coeli, I am not so presumptuous as say anything. On this branch of the subject, I simply submit the following, from the work which the monk put into my hands :

‘The first miracle refers to a female of from twenty to thirty years of age, who had long been afflicted with an incurable cancer in the breast. In compliance with her wish, the holy image was borne by a priest to her bedside, and on her pledging herself to be more regular in the performance of her religious duties, not only was the cancer perfectly cured and eradicated, but milk returned to the breast.’

‘The second miracle concerns a waggoner, whom the same priest found in a brain fever. No sooner was the holy child presented to be embraced by a company of persons who were assembled in the apartment of the sick person, than a sudden cry burst from them, and the priest turning round, observed that the patient had raised himself unaided in bed, and with clasped hands was kneeling in adoration of the Bambino. The cure was instantaneous, and the man was immediately able to attend his customary employment.’

The third miracle relates to a person in a higher sphere of life. ‘Serafina, daughter of Don Celestino, was twice seized by a dangerous illness, but in consequence of a visit from the Bambino, she speedily recovered. There is a certified statement of the fact from the abbess of the convent of which the young lady was at the time an inmate. When the Bambino was brought to her, she was in a trance, and waking suddenly, she exclaimed : “O what a lovely child !” and immediately she was well. Next day, she visited Ara Coeli, and in token of gratitude presented a gold-pin set with brilliants, valued at 130 crowns, and affixed it with her own hand in the robe of the sacred infant.’

The fourth miracle was the sudden and entire recovery of Lucia Costantini, an inmate of the Vatican ; she had been ill forty days, and was at the point of death, when the Bambino was brought to her bedside. ‘She reverently sank on her knees to embrace the divine feet, and at that moment heard a voice



exclaim: "Lucia, arise, for thou art healed!" The cure was complete, although the chill of death had been upon her.'

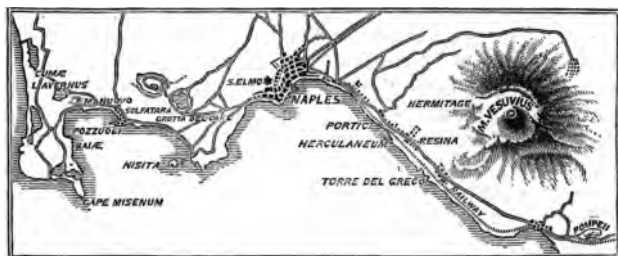
In the relation of the fifth miracle, there occur numerous details which we must necessarily pass over. The case was that of a little girl, daughter of the Duke Pio Grazioli, who lay apparently dying of scarlatina, and was given up by her medical attendants. Through the energy of Miss Ellen Roche, a devout English governess, the Bambino was sent for. 'Scarcely had the holy image entered the apartment, than the girl, who was lying cold and motionless at the last gasp, suddenly exclaimed, "How I am burning!" and looking around her with a clear rational gaze, was thoroughly cured.' At next Christmas, the duke, her father, made a splendid present to the shrine of the Bambino.

The history of the sixth miracle is gone into still more diffusely. The case was this. The Chevalier Carlo van Swygenhoven, an eminent physician of Brussels, possessing the honour of belonging to 37 European learned societies, had the misfortune to have a wife afflicted with a painful and seemingly incurable heart disease. Travelling about, the pair came to Rome, where by chance they heard of the Bambino, and the wonderful cures it performed. The Chevalier and his delicate wife, who had not been able to lie on her left side for ten years, 'were now (says the trustworthy chronicler) seized with the most eager desire of doing honour to the Bambino and its shrine, and of receiving its blessing. On the 11th of March 1860, having gained admittance to the sacred spot, they reverentially, and with such a vivid faith, expressed the feelings of their soul, that from that very moment the pious lady was perfectly free from all symptoms of her complaint.' She went home cured, and it gratifies us to add, she was ever afterwards able to lie comfortably on her left side. The learned Swygenhoven, D.M.B.—for such are the letters he puts after his honoured name—gladly attests the miracle.

The writer, in conclusion, refers briefly to some other miracles effected by the Bambino, and says that if he were to record the whole he should more than fill a volume. I agree in thinking that he has said quite enough.

NAPLES.

ON a pleasant morning at the end of April, a French steamer bore us into the bay of Naples. The Mediterranean, which can at times be as surly as the Atlantic, chose to be in one of its placid moods, so as to admit of our standing on deck to note the features of a scene not readily to be forgotten. On our right was the lofty and rugged island of Ischia, with the lower and more verdant island of Procida; on our left the bold promontory of Misenum; while in front, like a giant rising from the sea,



towered Vesuvius, with a light smoke curling upwards to the blue sky, still dotted over with white morning clouds. Soon the bay opens, and there before us lies a fringe of white towns sweeping round the shore, with Naples overtopped by the castle of St Elmo in the centre. Ships at anchor, and sundry light craft under sail, scattered about, complete the fascinating picture.

From Civita Vecchia to Naples is a voyage of seventeen hours, and this continues to be the most agreeable way of coming from

Rome. A railway has been constructed, and might, six months ago, have been opened from Rome to Capua, whence there is a line already in operation to Naples; but for reasons which Cardinal Antonelli could probably explain, this very desirable railway has been kept shut, with such a fine crop of grass growing upon it, that the line may be let out as pasturage along with other parts of the Campagna. With the railway still in prospect, there was no deficiency of diligences or of voitures for hire. The reports, however, of occasional waylaying on the frontier did not dispose us to adopt a journey by land. Perhaps these reports were visionary, but in a country where nothing of this kind is ventilated through the press, rumour has everything its own way; and so we took the sea-route, which chanced to be a great success.

But now we land, and such a scramble of boats, such vociferation of porters, such tearing about to get at cabs, such a profusion of people! Getting through all this hubbub, we drive off to our previously secured quarters in the Hotel de Russie, a favourably situated establishment on the line of broad open quay towards the Chiaia, and which commands a splendid view of the bay. Coming from Rome to Naples, we experienced a striking change; it was from torpidity to vivacity, gloom to cheerfulness, despotism and foreign military repression to constitutional forms and a national guard. There was the same style of building as at Rome—tall bulky edifices laid out as dwellings on separate floors, or forming princely palazzos, the residence of the higher orders; but the flat roofs, the almost ever-open windows, the frequency of curtains hanging in the entrances instead of doors, and the number of awnings and balconies, unmistakably signify that we have reached a mild and dry southern clime. Spreading upwards on the high grounds, many of the thoroughfares are as narrow and inaccessible by wheeled carriages as they are in Rome or Genoa, and consequently the mule and ass with their sacks and panniers are in constant requisition; but in no Italian city is there such spacious roadways, and we have nothing at all in England to compare with the universal paving from

side to side with large flagstones. The drive westwards for miles along the Chiaia, with the sea and pleasure-grounds on the left, and fine terraces of buildings on the right, is, I should fancy, not to be matched anywhere. A drive of similar length, but through a humbler quarter, extends eastwards in the direction of Torre dell' Greco and Vesuvius. And these two open drives combined leave Rome far in the background. The pride of Rome is the Corso, a street in point of narrowness resembling the Rue Richelieu in Paris, and less commodious than the Toledo of Naples, though that, from the amount of traffic, is also much too confined.

It is not, however, the buildings, nor the broad-paved roads, that surprises a stranger in Naples. It is the enormous number of people; we feel as if nowhere in the world did human beings exist in such illimitable abundance. Of the population, which is upwards of half a million, large numbers seem to live almost constantly in the open air. Much has been said of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, and I was prepared to see not a little of idle basking in the sun, but a change has latterly come over the old *lazzaroni*. The fisher-part of the population being pretty generally occupied with their boats or nets, did not come up to our idea of idlers, nor could we observe that any other class had a repugnance to industrial employment, although it must be admitted that the means of earning a livelihood are often exceedingly slender. It is in Naples that we see the most perfect examples of the Italian *faccino*—agent, doer, porter, or by whatever term the word may be translated. Wherever you go, the *faccino* starts up to do your bidding, or to do for you whether you will or not. He flies to open the door of your carriage, or to lift and carry your baggage, or to find a cab, in the hope of a small donation; and though sometimes so troublesome as not to be easily shaken off, he is on the whole a good-natured and obliging fellow. Little in the way of substantial or regular meals serves the *faccino*, but in fact little of that sort suffices the humbler classes generally. I am inclined to think that among them there is scarcely any domestic cookery. On the principle that


it is cheaper to buy a morsel of cooked food than to prepare it from raw material, many of them probably do not kindle a fire for months. The preparation of macaroni, soup, cakes, and other articles is seen going on all day in public for the general accommodation. There is also a great reliance on fruits, onions, and lemonade. Any inexpensive trifle is sufficient for a meal—a penny roll, with a shelled hard-boiled egg stuck in the middle of it, and an onion, or a roll into which a spoonful of soup is poured along with a scrap of meat; an orange and a glass of acidulated water being taken as a finish. I have sometimes thought that the children of the poorer classes in England who are seen playing about the streets, must draw largely on fresh air for nourishment; for they do not get much else, and yet they appear healthier than those on whom the wind is scarcely suffered to blow. In the same way, the Neapolitans seem to make heavy demands on the atmosphere, which, happily for them, is delicious and inexhaustible.

As in Rome, the shops of Naples are constructed on the ancient Pompeian model. Nothing could be more simple, for the entire concern is just a vaulted coach-house with a wide doorway, or a door and two small windows to fill up the front. There are hundreds of this kind in Naples, which, without back-apartment or cellar, comprise shop and house in one. Workshops are almost invariably of this description. The artisan is observed working at his bench near the spacious doorway, or half of his apparatus is in the street, while in the interior is seen the entire domestic establishment.

Much traffic is carried on at stalls placed at the corners of the streets and in by-lanes. Of these the stalls for the sale of fruits and lemonade are the most numerous, but there is also a conspicuous class of stalls kept by a humble class of money-dealers. Offices of money-changers are as common in Naples as in Paris, and a stranger is never at a difficulty to get small silver currency for a Napoleon. The open-air money-changers are quite a distinct order of dealers. Their operations are confined to changing silver for copper, or copper for silver. Women are

principally engaged in this trade. You see a woman seated behind a small table on which are piles of copper-change ready for customers, without any trellis as a guard against theft, a circumstance which speaks well for the honesty of the people who crowd the thoroughfares. How this humble class of money-dealers are remunerated for their trouble in giving change, I did not learn with reliable accuracy. I was informed that they are employed by the municipality to serve poor persons with change, and if such be the case, the arrangement deserves commendation.

As if nature had resolved that nothing should be wanting to complete the enjoyableness of the climate of Naples, it has kindly provided two cool mineral springs, which from their palatableness are immensely popular. Being situated on the sea-shore close to a populous neighbourhood, they are very generally accessible. One of the springs is chalybeate, the other slightly sulphurous, but both contain carbonic acid, which gives them a sparkling and pungent quality. The sulphurous one, as possessing the larger proportion of this agreeable smartness, attracts the greater number of visitors, and there goes on a great trade in filling and corking earthen-ware jars of different sizes, for the sale of glassfuls all over the town. On the occasion of any public rejoicing, when crowds throng the streets, poor persons may be seen dragging out their small tables, and constituting them stalls for the sale of this acceptable beverage—their whole stock in trade consisting of a gallon jar and a tumbler. One of these copious fountains ever welling up, and free to all, is situated on the broad low pier or mole which is used as a landing-place for boats, and as this was within sight of our hotel, we had an opportunity of watching the daily operations. The resort was greatest on Sunday from about noon till sunset, during which interval many thousands of persons partook of the water and hovered about as spectators. At tables with forms placed for their accommodation, relays of men and women, in holiday attire, were enjoying the harmless potations that were industriously handed to them—the clear sparkling water, and small cakes served by peripatetic venders, alone sufficing for stimulus and refreshment.



At hand, there were establishments open for the sale of wines and spirits, but they were comparatively deserted. The simpler and cheaper attractions on the mole carried the day. But how could it be otherwise? There was neither cold nor damp to drive people to seek shelter and excitement within doors. The outer world was all beautiful and exhilarating. Overhead was that bright blue sky, in front was that charming bay decorated with shipping, and all around that glorious sunshine—in themselves a sufficient stimulus to all but the absolutely vitiated.


A pleasing feature in these assemblages is, that they bring together men and women of a humble class for mutual recreation in open day. Meeting and conversing with each other in such



places of resort, also in public promenades, and at church festivals, the two sexes have a fair chance of becoming acquainted and forming honourable attachments without any species of clandestine assignation. I take this to be a wholesome feature

generally of society on the continent, where the undisguised meeting and conversing of young men and women of a humble rank, resembles what we see in Great Britain (Scotland, in particular) only among the middle and higher orders. I had, years ago, noticed the advantage of such assemblages in France and Belgium. In Naples and its neighbourhood, where the Madonna is held in peculiar esteem, the festivals in her honour afford opportunities for meeting which are looked forward to with an eagerness proportionate to the vivacious character of the people. Perhaps the most remarkable of these gaities is the pilgrimage to and return from Avellino, on the occasion of the Festa di Monte Vergine. This famed festa, which takes place at Whitsunday and lasts several days, draws crowds in vehicles of different kinds from Naples, and their return, bearing flowers and pictures of the Madonna, is graphically portrayed in a photograph copied in the cut on preceding page.

At the time of our visit to Naples, the people required no special stimuli; the minds of all were uplifted and full of hope. A cruel and perfidious despotism had been happily got rid of; and brought within the sphere of Italian unity, the people felt themselves to be now part of a great nation, symbolised by a distinct flag, the guarantee of constitutional freedom. As no one was unwilling to speak unreservedly on the subject, I had an opportunity of hearing remarks in no way complimentary to the past condition of affairs. The press had been under a stern censorship, there could be no public discussion of any grievance, secret spies invaded the privacy of families, bands of armed police patrolled the streets and prevented petty gatherings, and persons who became subjects of suspicion, no matter what their rank, were suddenly seized in their homes and immured for years in dungeons without trial or hope of release. Such was Naples previous to the expulsion of Francis II., and never in the annals of revolutions was there a more righteous overthrow. Suddenly and strangely emancipated from the incubus which oppressed them, and practically unacquainted with the forms of a free government, it would have caused no



great surprise had the Neapolitans broken into political excesses. There was one distinct principle, however, which saved them from this error. It was that of Italian unity. Tempered by this dogma, they readily threw in their lot with the more grave and experienced Piedmontese, and now they wait for the full realisation of this earnestly entertained idea. That no circumstance will occur to cause a reaction in the public feeling is, for the sake of social progress, exceedingly desirable.

With the liberty of free discussion, the Neapolitans shewed no reluctance to use it. The cafés overflowed with eager debaters on political questions. Opinions from England concerning the probable future of Italy, or expressions of sympathy in its fate, were seized on with avidity. Daily, the press poured forth a profusion of cheap papers, and the sale of these by newsboys and stall-keepers reminded us of what we had seen at Turin; the fact of this freedom of the press being the more striking after what we had observed at Rome. The contrast between the state of trade in the two places was also remarkable. The shops in the Toledo thronged with customers, and public improvements of various kinds were in active operation. An impetus had doubtless been given to the general vivacity by the arrival of Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by a fleet of French war-vessels. Unable to search the hearts of the Neapolitans, I can only say that, outwardly, there was neither sulkiness nor any other symptom of dissatisfied feeling. In the various rejoicings that took place, but one sentiment, that of intense satisfaction, prevailed. The Italian flag everywhere flying, bands of music playing, royal salutes firing, illuminations of the town and fleet, balls, theatricals, and reviews—all gave token of the universal rejoicing. The most significant demonstration was that made by the numerous regiments of national guards, a particularly fine body of men composed of the middle and higher classes in the town and neighbourhood.

The manner in which the king was received on driving out almost every afternoon along the Chiaia, was a good evidence of his popularity among all ranks. Passing beneath our windows,

we could see the long line of carriages which attended on these occasions ; the cortège consisting of every available vehicle public and private, and reminding us of nothing short of the roads to 'the Derby.' It may here be proper to say, however, that the Neapolitans are excessively fond of driving. Very many, as we were informed, make heavy sacrifices in order to keep a carriage, while persons of a humble class never seem to have any scruple in hiring an open one-horse cab, in order to have a little show-off. Assuredly, this taste for riding in carriages is one of the social phenomena of the place, and is in a degree encouraged by the scope for its indulgence on the long open flagged thoroughfares, on which you roll almost as smoothly as on a railway. The number of carriages, of one kind or other, which drove past at the hour of the fashionable parade on the Chiaia, was usually from a thousand to twelve hundred ; the number being considerably augmented on the days that the king appeared with his suite.

That Victor Emmanuel felt flattered by these ovations, cannot be doubted ; but in looking into the state of affairs, he could as little fail to discover that in this resurrection of a kingdom onerous duties are imposed on the new authorities. So long has Southern Italy been misgoverned, and the bulk of the population kept in ignorance, that neither material nor mental resources have been at all developed. Pernicious old laws need to be cleared away, and new institutions established ; but for all this, and much more, consideration and time are required. What appears essentially necessary is that degree of stability, along with enlightened measures as to trade, commerce, and agriculture, which will give confidence to capitalists. The people are in want of remunerative employment, which if found for them by individual or associated enterprise, would be more serviceable than that of giving alms or enlarging those stupendous Neapolitan poor-houses which were begun by the former dynasty. No one can make an excursion in any direction from Naples, the westward in particular, without being distressed with two things—the low state of agriculture, approaching in some places to an entire neglect of the soil, and the number of people with scarcely

any employment. Century after century has this naturally fine country been in this condition. Originally a settlement of the Greeks, whose vivacity and love of music and flowers have been impressed on the manners of the people, the region around Naples was afterwards taken possession of by the Romans ; then it passed into the hands of a succession of intruders, including dynasties of Normans, Swabians, Sicilians, Spaniards, Austrians, French, and Spanish Bourbons ; these last mentioned, who have been just expelled, having only had a claim originating in illegal seizure little more than a century ago, with the additional disadvantage of having experienced a break of sixteen years in the term of their usurped possession. Considering how the country has been tossed about from one set of kings to another, each looking chiefly to its own interest, we can wonder neither at its backward condition nor at the anxious desire of the people to be lastingly incorporated with the kingdom of Italy, so as to form an integral portion of a great nation capable of self-preservation and improvement. That the dethroned and exiled dynasty deserves no compassion, is evident from a variety of circumstances, but none more than the deficiency of elementary education. Few of the humbler classes can read or write. In Naples, accordingly, the ancient profession of the *scrivano*, or letter-writer for the poor and illiterate, still flourishes as a necessity in the social system. Offices and stalls are established for the reading and writing of letters. The stalls of the *scrivani* are most numerous under the shelter of an arcade near the royal palace ; for there the penning of petitions to the king was till lately an important branch of the profession, nor in the circumstances of the country is it soon likely to be relinquished. In passing along, we see women of a humble class seated beside the old spectacled scrivener, prompting what he is to write to some distant friend, and for which useful service he receives a small fee.

Naples, as is well known, is a favourite winter resort of English families, who cluster chiefly about the Chiaia, where there are hotels, lodgings, shops, and reading-rooms for their

accommodation. At present, they are making a resolute effort to erect a commodious chapel on ground with which Garibaldi presented them during his dictatorship. Along the heights which crown the city and extend westward from it along the precipitous shore, there are many villas embowered in pleasure-grounds, picturesquely clothed in vines, fig and orange trees, and commanding views of Vesuvius, the bay, and the island of Capri. Few places in the world are more enviable in point of climate and locality. Already, I have noticed the many fine drives and promenades, and to these attractions is to be added that of choice society, native and foreign. To say nothing of San Carlo and other theatres, there is amusement in the very look of the busy thoroughfares and vivacity of the general population. Strangers find much to interest them in the Museum, which is open to them daily. The collection comprehends pictures, but consists chiefly of ancient objects of art—sculptures, mosaics, minor articles in bronze, &c.—brought from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other exhumed cities; the whole being in a wonderfully good state of preservation. Under the former dynasty, heavy fees were exacted for admission to the different departments; but now the whole establishment is open without charge.

I have seen it stated that the climate of Naples is unsettled during the spring, which, as a general rule, may be the case. I can only say, that during our residence for a fortnight at the end of April and beginning of May, the weather was particularly fine. Every day was like another—calm, with bright sunshine, and neither fog nor rain. The only annoyance we experienced was from the dust, but this is remediable by a proper system of street-watering. Although further from England than Rome, the postage is little more than one-half (6d. instead of 11d.), and there is besides a prompt system of delivery of letters and newspapers. At one time, passports were a source of much expense and trouble, but now, if not quite abolished, they cause no such difficulty as disgraces the papal system. There is a notion that life is unsafe in the streets of Naples; but this, I think, is unfounded as regards


present circumstances. At no time of the day or evening, did I observe the slightest approach to disorder or insecurity ; nor did I hear of such murders as are constantly occurring in Great Britain and Ireland. The only outrages that throw discredit on the new government are those perpetrated by brigands in the mountainous and less settled districts. Why, with the large body of regular and irregular troops at command, these disorders are not energetically dealt with, I am unable to explain, except by referring to the well known fact, that the dethroned family, under papal connivance, keeps up a state of chronic disturbance on the frontier and elsewhere.

Considering the recentness of the change from a harsh despotism to a tolerant constitutional policy, some rawness in matters of public administration is to be expected and spoken of with temper. Nowhere is there seen any indisposition or incapacity to rectify palpable abuses. It requires little shrewdness to observe that, in the process of enlightenment, religious will follow in the train of secular improvement. That, at all events, the more respectable part of the population entertain no high veneration for a particular church-miracle of old standing, is sufficiently conspicuous. I refer to the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius, of which a short account may be offered.

According to legends on the subject, Januarius, a Christian missionary, was cruelly put to death in the year 305. A pious lady who was present at the execution contrived, it is said, to sponge up some of the blood, which she secreted and carefully preserved. The relics were kept in two small phials ; in one was the blood, and in the other was a piece of straw which had been taken up accidentally along with it. How these memorials of the martyred St Januarius were preserved for seven hundred years, there is no account. They began to be exhibited in the eleventh century, were transferred to Naples, and have long been esteemed a sort of palladium of the town. They are now preserved in a side-chapel in the cathedral, which has likewise the honour of possessing the skull of the saint enclosed in a silver bust. The blood is alleged to be the subject of a miracle

twice a year, in May and September, and oftener according to circumstances. Blood spilt upwards of fifteen hundred years ago would, under any sealing up in a bottle, have long since shrunk into a thickened or hardened mass. Such has been the case. The blood is a thick quiescent substance, and the miracle consists in this, that through the efficacy of prayers and supplications to the saint, it suddenly resumes its original liquid form. As miracles do not ordinarily fall in one's way, we gladly embraced the rare opportunity of seeing one, and took care to be in good time at the church where the liquefaction takes place.

The scene of the event was the church of St Chiara, a spacious basilica situated in a narrow street turning off the Toledo, and the appointed time was the afternoon of Saturday, the 3d of May. On entering the church about two o'clock, few had assembled; but we could see by the sentinels on guard, the broad passage lined off for a procession from the door to the high-altar, and other preparations, that something of importance was in hand. Though favoured with seats, time hung heavily in the silent building, and nothing worth notice occurred till the entrance of a string of poor-looking women, such as are commonly seen begging at church-doors. Establishing themselves on forms outside the gospel-side of the altar, these privileged personages, who affect to call themselves relations of Januarius, began a very extraordinary kind of chanting, or rather monotonous bawling of aves and paters, and the longer they vociferated, the greater was their vehemence and agitation. To all appearance, they were lashing themselves into a paroxysm, and I could not but feel some surprise that such irreverence should be tolerated. Near to five o'clock, in the midst of the din, and when the church had become crowded, military music is heard outside, and the expected procession enters. What an array of splendour! A richly jewelled tabernacle, bearing the case in which are the sacred phials, is set on a stand draped with velvet within the railing of the altar, amidst a concourse of priests. Then followed prayers, chanting, and music from an instrumental choir,



with a repetition of the discordant supplications of the women, some of whom were frantic in beseeching the saint to vouchsafe the miracle. On this occasion, Januarius was more propitious than he sometimes happens to be. After several examinations, the liquefaction was said to be effected, and the case was shewn accordingly; but in consequence of the movements of the agitated crowd, and the smoke of incense, which communicated a mistiness to the almost suffocating atmosphere, no one at a distance could properly see the object of general wonder. There being no hope of a satisfactory inspection, we were glad to work our way out, and retired just as the female relations of the saint were quitting the church in a state of considerable exhaustion.

I did not await the return of the procession to the cathedral, but attended there the two following days, in the hope of procuring a near view of the liquefied blood. On both days, there was a crowding of persons round the balustrade of the altar, where a venerable priest with the case in his hand shewed it to be kissed and pressed on the forehead. On the second day, when the crowd had subsided, I managed to approach and satisfy myself as to the appearance of the case. It resembled a small gig-lamp, being round in shape, with two flat sides of glass, and having a handle by which it could be conveniently held or stuck upright in the ornamental tabernacle where it is usually kept. On the top was a crown surmounted by a cross. Through the transparent glass sides were seen two phials of different sizes, the larger containing about half a wine-glassful of a brownish liquid, the smaller holding only a bit of dingy straw—as represented in the adjoining cut. To shew that there really had been a liquefaction, the priest was constantly turning the case upside down, by which means the liquid flowed freely backwards and forwards in the phial; possibly, this motion was also necessary for preserving the liquidity. There did not seem



much devout reverence in this extraordinary scene, but that struck me everywhere as a remarkable feature in the church ceremonials in Italy. Nor could one fail to observe that, from first to last, the crowd was composed mainly of the humbler classes, including absolute paupers, with a sprinkling of officials and sight-seeing strangers. From all I could learn, few of the middle or higher classes in Naples give the ceremony the least attention ; and to all appearance, if unsupported by authority, it would die out from pure inanition.

NAPLES: WESTERN ENVIRONS.

THE environs of Naples own two sources of interest to strangers —Roman remains and volcanic agency. What the Isle of Wight and southern coast of England are to the more opulent classes of London, the Bay of Naples, with its charming nooks and islands, was to the patrician orders of ancient Rome. Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Titus, and Hadrian, also Virgil and other classic writers, delighted in visiting and adorning the shores of the bay, islands, and headlands, all of which were perhaps the more attractive from the lively Grecian manners and picturesque usages which had outlived the Roman conquest. Extending ten or twelve miles along the coast on each side of Naples, there still exist fragmentary remains of cities, villas, temples, baths, and amphitheatres, the whole significant memorials of a tasteful and luxurious people, and scarcely less interesting than the surviving antiquities of Rome. In Naples, the chief traces of the Roman period consist of a few columns involved in modern edifices, along with the rich collection of objects in the museum.

To see the environs properly, we require to devote several days to distinct excursions, for all which Naples offers the advantage of excellently equipped carriages, and the drivers of these, from long experience, are able to conduct any one to the chief places of interest. Our first excursion happened to be one in a westerly direction, to explore the coast as far as Baia, a spot renowned by Horace, Martial, Pliny, and other Roman writers.

Hiring an open vehicle, and not neglecting the precaution of taking with us some provisions for the day, we set off on this

pleasant ride; our route being by way of the Chiaia towards the promontory which bounds the city on the west. Our mind is full of Virgil, for one of the first things we have to do is to visit the tomb of the poet, situated on the summit of a picturesque hill overlooking the bay. The climb to the top of the cliff is rather trying, but there is ample reward in reaching a spot which for many centuries has been visited by noted literary pilgrims from every civilised land. The vaulted apartment, partly decayed, and its cinerary urns gone, has little to shew, but we feel as if treading on classic ground, and are charmed with the prospect which it commands.

Passing onward from the foot of the ascent, our carriage suddenly plunges into a tunnel through which the public road is carried upwards of a third of a mile. The breadth is about 21 feet, with a height varying from 70 feet at the extremities to about 25 feet at the centre. This tunnel, known as the Grotta di Posilipo, forming one of the curiosities of Naples, is a perforation of old date through the yellowish sandstone-looking volcanic tufa on which the city is built, and which, being excavated from quarries in the face of the cliffs, forms the principal building material. From time to time, the tunnel has been improved in point of levelling and elevation, also as regards lighting by air-holes carried in a slanting direction upwards. It is also partly lighted by lamps, one of which is suspended over a shrine of the Madonna. Midway, we met some loaded carts drawn by bullocks, but had no difficulty in passing. It was agreeable to come into the full light of day at the further end, and thence pursue our way over a good road towards Pozzuoli.

On approaching this ancient and now very decayed seaport, we turned off to the right by a road which, ascending amidst vineyards and masses of ruined buildings, leads to Solfatara, the Forum Vulcani of Strabo. Formerly, tourists had almost to fight their way through bands of guides, who insisted on conducting them over the neighbourhood, and we did not escape them altogether. Even if we had not had our courier as a protector, there was little to fear; for Victor Emmanuel's police


are a very different body of men from the sordid crew, who, a short time since, abused their office. In ascending, it was necessary to quit the carriage, and proceed on foot up a lane paved in the old Roman style, and by it we at length got to a gate, the entrance to what we were in quest of. Solfatara, as it now appeared, is private property, and like a show, is made the subject of entrance fees. The charge is a franc each, and paying this to the custodier, we were admitted within the area of the ancient crater. The sight was worth the money. We were in an immense basin with sloping sides, circular or partially oval, the bottom of which where we were walking being about a quarter of a mile wide. The sides, rugged and broken, were composed of whitish coloured trachyte and tufa, and rising to a height about sixty feet, were partly covered with vegetation. The level area, which had been the upper crust of the crater, was clothed in a thriving plantation of young larches, ten or twelve feet high, and by a road amidst these trees, we proceed to the further side of the enclosure. The heat here exceeded anything I had previously experienced. Down into this gigantic dish the sun poured his fierce rays, which, being reflected from the white sides that bounded us all round, we felt as if in process of being baked. As there is no place in Italy without its ever-ready faccino, so one started up before us in this Pandemonium ; his dress reduced to the minimum of a shirt and trousers so short as to leave his legs bare to the knee—not an uncommon attire in this hot country. It being totally useless to try to rid ourselves of this boisterously polite parasite, we let him shew off his skill in bounding on before us, and letting us hear the hollow reverberations when he threw heavy stones with violence on the white-coloured soil. It seemed as if a little more effort would have broken the crust and sent the stones down into the gulf beneath. On walking to the further end of the area, we came to a cavern below the cliff, whence issued volumes of a sulphury steam accompanied by snorting and hissing noises, indicative of some subterranean force, and eminently suggestive to the poetic fancy. It was too hot to venture within the fuming vault ; but our faccino,

at the risk of suffocation, raked out some beautiful specimens of sulphur and sulphate of iron, which we brought away as trophies. From various fissures among the rugged cliffs, fumes also issue ; but nowhere is any fire visible. The volcano has remained in a semi-dormant condition since 1198, when, by an energetic effort, it sent forth a current of lava, that has since disintegrated into a species of ochrey earth, and become an object of commerce. The material dug from the sides of the crater, on being triturated and prepared in vats of water, forms the cement know as pozzalano. Near the entrance, we saw works of this kind in operation. Perhaps, at a suitable outlay of capital, alum and other substances might be profitably produced ; but from what we saw, I should scarcely recommend any deep digging into the surface of the crater ; for the hill must be viewed as a slumbering monster, which it would not be quite safe to awaken. Nor, indeed, is much dependence to be placed on any part in the neighbourhood. The sea-shore has sunk and risen, and sunk again, in a whimsical sort of way, during the last thousand years, often causing serious disasters.

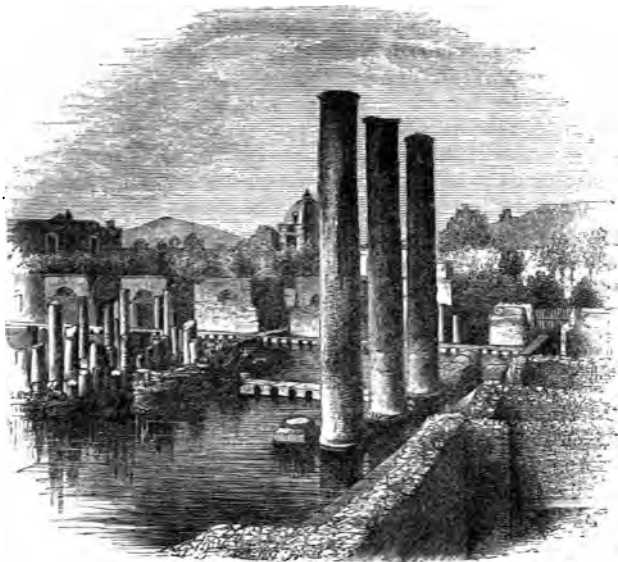
In a short drive from Solfatara along the same high ground, we pass several large ruins of Roman buildings—theatre, baths, temples, and an amphitheatre—the whole environed by vineyards ; and as there must have been at one time numerous villas of a superior kind, inhabited by emperors and patricians, it would seem that the near neighbourhood of the volcano had in ancient times no very deterring effect. The principal ruin is that of the amphitheatre, which, having been for ages entombed among rubbish, and laid bare only within the last thirty years, is in a good state of preservation. Placed in charge of a body of government officers, who admitted us to the ruin, we were conducted by one of them through all accessible parts of the building. With a general resemblance to the Colosseum, it is much smaller. Its open arena measures 336 feet in length, by 138 feet in width, and it is said to have accommodated 25,000 spectators. Some of the rows of stone seats are much broken, but others are entire. We had the honour of sitting on that which had been occupied by the Emperor Nero, who here, as a country amusement, enjoyed

the deadly combats of gladiators, bull-fights, and a variety of encounters of wild animals. Some of his successors, two centuries later, added a new form of entertainment, which consisted in exposing Christian missionaries to be destroyed by the lions let loose upon them from the adjoining caverns. A remarkable, though not singular, peculiarity in the structure, is the vaulting beneath the arena, in which are large apertures to admit light and air to this species of cellarage; but how the openings were covered during the savage exhibitions, there are now no means of judging.

Descending from these high grounds, we enter the old city of Pozzuoli, now reduced to a poor decayed condition, as is instantly demonstrated by the host of beggars who crowd around us, holding out their hands and clamouring for money. Looking at the wretchedness of the place, we can scarcely comprehend how this should have been the chief port in this part of Italy; how it carried on a large traffic with the east; and how it was a point where travellers landed on their way to Rome. Yet, such was the case, as we learn from ancient writers; and of the fact of its importance, we need go no further than the Acts of the Apostles (xxviii. 13), where it is stated that Paul arrived at Puteoli—the ancient name of the place—and was received by the brethren, and desired to tarry with them seven days, after which he went toward Rome. This infers a long land-journey of 150 miles, but such was preferable to attempt to enter any of the insufficient ports in the more level part of the Campagna. Paul got safely to Rome by the Appian Way, which continues to be the main route from Naples. When the great apostle landed at Pozzuoli, it had a commodious pier or jetty, was provided with navalia or docks for shipping, and adorned with the sumptuous dwellings of a rich commercial city. Now, where is all its grandeur? Utterly gone. From its pier, Caligula carried a wooden bridge across to Baiæ; but of this there are no remains, and only a few piles of the ancient jetty are visible. The docks have likewise perished, and the only evidences of a seaport are a small harbour with a few fishing-boats, and perhaps a sloop for the export of pozzalano. Of all its magnificent edifices, the only



remaining portion is the ruin of the temple of Jupiter Serapis. It is obscurely situated in a lane leading from the road along the shore, and consists mainly of three columns erect and some fallen fragments, the whole of great elegance. When we visited the ruin, which is represented in the annexed cut, it stood a



foot deep in water, which had percolated through the ground from the sea; and to choke up the springs, and render the site dry, a number of children were employed bringing baskets of sand. The lower portions of the standing pillars are seen to be covered with the shells of small marine animals, from which and other tokens it appears that the ruin had at one time been submerged in the sea and afterwards elevated by one of the upheavals of the shore. Within the precincts of the temple, there

is a cavern of hot water which is employed for baths. There are likewise cold mineral springs.

The desertion and ruin of Pozzuoli are ascribed to the malaria which exhales from the ground in the vicinity, as also to the repeated submergence and elevation of the land, and the bursting forth of Monte Nuovo, a fresh volcano, in 1538, when great havoc was committed. At present, the country hereabouts is fertile, but inhabited only by a humble order of agriculturists, amidst whose fields, and within the margin of the sea, are seen relics of Roman villas—that of Cicero, the classic Academia, existing only as a few fragmentary ruins on the shore. Monte Nuovo, a low hill of no particular mark, which is reached in less than half an hour from Pozzuoli, overhangs a narrow valley, forming the bed of the ancient Lake Lucrinus. This lake was only a lagoon or shallow inlet of the sea, famed as a nursery of oysters and other shell-fish for the luxurious-living Romans, and valuable on this account, care was taken to barricade it against storms on the coast. At length, the idea was projected of rendering it the entrance to the Lake Avernus, situated in a hollow of the hills, and which it was thought would form a grand dépôt for the Roman fleet. Agrippa succeeded in this bold undertaking, and for a time, the Julian port, as it was called, received vessels from the bay. The sea, however, had a constant tendency to silt up the entrance, and no dyking fully remedied this natural defect. The port, accordingly, dropped out of use, and the eruption from Monte Nuovo effectually choked the interior channel. Some years ago, the Neapolitan government, struck with the ambition to restore the Julian port, began a series of excavations, and these being left half-executed, resemble the deserted diggings of a canal. After crossing the outlet to the sea, and turning up the valley, towards Avernus, these abortive works are on our right, and recollecting the history of the spot, are seen with some degree of interest. A quarter of an hour's ride brings us to the scene ever memorable by the fabulous visit of Ulysses to the infernal regions. We are on the banks of Lake Avernus, but instead of something gloomy and awful, there lies before us a very charming

sheet of water, environed by hills richly clothed in wood, such as we might see in the Highlands, and to give life to the picture, a party of tourists are enjoying a satisfactory picnic. In dimensions, the lake is about half a mile across, and circular in form, with the banks rising so abruptly as to leave little more than a carriage-road between the hills and the water. Fed by rain and springs in the bottom, it has an outlet, a mere rill, towards the Lucrine, and this is the only point where there is a break in the circuit of hills. The depth is said to be 250 feet at the centre. The general belief is that the lake occupies the bottom of an extinct crater, and from the nature of the adjoining rocks, chiefly yellowish tufa, there is no doubt of the fact. According to ancient writers, such is the unwholesomeness of the fumes which exhale from its surface, that birds are stifled in flying across it; but this is only a poetic fancy. No bad odour rises from it; water-fowl live in it with impunity; and from its pellucid waters an angler with a boat may fill his basket with fish. Yet the poets had some ground for their legends. In the hills around, there are several long dark caverns, excavated by an early and rude people, spoken of as the Cimmerii, and hence, in allusion to these dingy abodes, the term Cimmerian darkness. Subsequently, the Roman possessors of the district made still more extensive excavations, partly as baths and partly as tunnels in communication with Baia and Cumæ. The Sibyl's Cave, as shewn by guides, is a long irregularly vaulted cavern, in the inner recesses of which there is a spring of tepid water that had fed a bath; and it was possibly in this dismal but vastly curious cavern, that Hannibal sacrificed to Pluto, when reconnoitring the neighbourhood. If not so classic in its legends, a cavernous passage on the west side of the lake must have been much more useful. This is the tunnel in a direct line through the hill to Cumæ, cut by order of Agrippa, and is 3000 feet in length. For ages, it was choked with rubbish, and has only lately been opened as a common thoroughfare. It is rendered tolerably light, and also airy, by tunnels sloping upwards, as at the similar tunnel of Posillipo, and we drove through it with ease. The

passage ascends in the direction of Cumæ. At the time of our visit, it was quite dry, and being out of the way of general traffic, we met no one.


Issuing from this restored work of art, we have before us the rich plain, which, stretching towards the site of the now obliterated city of Cumæ, still exhibits relics of temples and villas, stuck about among vineyards, or used for menial purposes by the peasantry. And this is all that one can now see of those Elysian Fields, which from their fruitfulness and delightful climate were the fabled regions of the blessed. How a view of the reality spoils the poetic! There is, nevertheless, a satisfaction in thus having before us, however degraded, scenes that have warmed the imagination of writers of deathless celebrity, or on which were enacted the great events of history. Leaving the lake of Cumæ on the right, and crossing over a ridge of ground, we descend on another group of memorials of the old Roman dominion. We are on the edge of the sea, with a pleasant outlook towards the bay; and backed by the high grounds, it is scarcely possible to conceive a spot so desirable for residence, and with the additional recommendation of hot springs for baths, we can well understand how Lucullus, Pompey, and Cæsar, and other distinguished Romans should have selected this as a favourite resort. Of all the splendid palaces and villas that once stood here, whether on the land or partly within the edge of the sea, not one now remains. The only dwellings are a few miserable huts, and a restaurant so limited in dimensions, that coming second after a band of excursionists, we could find no accommodation. But as if to verify what is said of it by ancient writers, it is rich in massive fragments of buildings, variously said to be temples or remains of baths. The most conspicuous of these is the huge and somewhat unshapely ruin styled the Temple of Venus, situated near the insignificant modern harbour. It is of brick, and had been octagonal in form. Here, within the shadow of the old ruin, we contrived to eat our lunch, enviously eyed by a crowd

of beggars, whom we kept at a distance by the ingenious device of employing one of a superior order to act as facchino and protector. Walking round and round, he kept off the poor hungry wretches until we had finished, when we were able to send all happy away with a few fragments that had been left over from our meal. A pitiable sight, truly, was that picture of want at the once magnificent city of Baiæ; and the more deplorable from the evident fertility of the soil, the loveliness of the spot, and the superiority of the climate. We had seen poverty and begging elsewhere, but nothing of that kind even in Rome, which may be called the metropolis of beggars, was so afflicting and hopeless as at Baiæ, which to all appearance is the concentration of human wretchedness. Is it not from a frightful course of mismanagement somewhere, that there should be such a hideous contradiction between the bounties of nature and artificial circumstances?

Led by the facchino, we examined the remains of some cavernous baths in the side of the hill, so entire, that by the removal of earth they might stand out in much of their architectural beauty. Separated from other remains, within an enclosure stands a circular, vaulted edifice, with a round hole in the centre of the dome, also said to have been a bath, but usually called the Temple of Mercury. Still in remarkably good condition, this dome-like structure, a fine specimen of ancient art, might easily be put in repair. We found weeds and shrubs growing on the floor, while small forget-me-nots and other wild-flowers sprouted from the desolate walls. As we mused on this scene of fallen grandeur, a middle-aged woman, with a tambourine in her hand, followed by two girls, asked our permission to give a dancing-performance within the building. We gladly assented, for the exhibition was probably to consist of one of the old Grecian dances which long ages of misery had failed to extinguish in the district. So, to it they went; the women, old and young, being alike barefooted, but that did not detract from their gaiety, and indeed, among the humbler ranks, shoes would be an encumbrance in this

delicious climate. The elder female kept time by accompanying her beating of the tambourine with a song full of life and glee, and under her inspirations, the two younger danced, twisted, turned, and set in a sort of quick waltz, sometimes holding by each other, and sometimes playing with castanets—the whole forming a scene of absorbing interest, when associated with past history and surrounding circumstances. A few francs, we thought, were not thrown away in remunerating these poor women for their good-humoured exertions.

With no more time to spend in explorations at Baïæ—leaving the hot steaming caverns in the adjacent cliffs unvisited—we returned along the shore by Pozzuoli. In approaching Naples, we had a fancy to see the Grotto del Cane, and turned up a road to our left, which brought us to the Lake of Agnano, a sheet of water in the extinct crater of a volcano, considerably larger than that of Avernus. The grotto is a small cellar-like cave at the base of an overhanging cliff, ordinarily kept shut, and only unlocked for an unconscionably high fee. Perhaps the keeper excuses the charge on the ground, that his experiments kill off his dogs in quick succession. Be this as it may, we resolved that no dog should be tortured on our account. When the man brought a small spaniel from his house, we told him we declined to see the animal suffocated, and would be satisfied with the extinguishing of a lighted taper. This he performed several times. A deleterious and heavy gas arises from the floor of the cavern to the height of about twenty inches, and a flame brought down so low, immediately flickers and dies out. When a small dog walks into this noxious fume, it drops, and is pulled out, and laid on the bank till it recovers. A frequent repetition of the cruel and very needless experiment must, of course, shorten the lives of the little creatures which are so misused. A continuance of the practice is quite disgraceful, and is eminently deserving of remonstrance from the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I cannot doubt the willingness of the Italian government to give attention to the subject.



NAPLES: EASTERN ENVIRONS.

EASTWARD from Naples, the remains of Roman grandeur are considerably more extensive than those already referred to, for they consist of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so far as these cities have been excavated from the lava and ashes by which they were overwhelmed by Vesuvius. This mountain in itself forms the most attractive natural curiosity in the neighbourhood ; for it has been the most active and destructive volcano in Europe within the historic period.

Standing on the quay at Naples, Vesuvius is seen at the distance of four or five miles on the left, and just so far back from the sea as to leave space for an almost continuous succession of towns along the shore—Portici, Resina, Torre dell' Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata—beyond which the country becomes more level, and stretches away southwards round the mountain. At the distance we are placed, Vesuvius appears to have a finely rounded form, tapering towards the top, the lower portions disposed as vineyards and small cornfields dotted with trees ; the next higher part brown and scorched, and bearing large black patches of lava ; and highest of all, a cone of grayish stones and ashes, somewhat flat at the top, sending forth at intervals a curl of light smoke. Keeping our eye steadfast on the mountain, we may perceive that besides this central smoke, there are small outlets near the summit, whence lesser puffs of smoke are occasionally issuing. Such is the ordinary aspect of this huge smouldering mass. When in its more active mood, the scene is of course entirely changed. Vast volumes of smoke, vapour, and

volcanic substances are shot upward from the crater, while eruptions of lava flow like a red-hot river down the sides of the mountain; on which occasions, crowds visit it to enjoy the spectacle. On a close observation, Vesuvius is seen to be a mountain with two distinct summits, the division taking place at about three-fourths of the elevation. Originally only one hill, it was at a remote period rent in twain, leaving a spacious gap from side to side. By this rude dislocation, the active volcanic part remained with the higher portion nearest the sea, and which rising to a height of 4070 feet, is what we call Vesuvius. The deserted northern peak of a somewhat lesser elevation, is known as Somma. Few think of climbing Somma; for unless to the geologist, who desires to explore its crumbling and haggard cliffs, it offers no special subject of inquiry; and we may dismiss it with the remark, that it is from its various coloured and fine-grained limestone rocks that are made those trinkets sold by jewellers as lava from Vesuvius.

From all accounts, Vesuvius has inherited all the ancient activity of Solfatara and of the extinct volcanoes of Ischia and other islands in the bay. As one volcano after another became extinct, or subsided into a sullen smouldering condition, Vesuvius assumed the more energy. Gathering its forces for that signal act of destruction which has gained it so much celebrity, it burst forth with unprecedented violence on the 24th of August 79, in the reign of the Emperor Titus, at one grand feat overwhelming Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, and shaking the country all about; for the showers of ashes, volumes of steam, and torrents of lava, were accompanied with earthquakes that left few buildings standing in the neighbourhood. I need say no more of this and subsequent convulsions of Vesuvius, than to express surprise at the enormous quantity of materials, of one kind or other, which it has contrived to procure and belch forth over the region at its base. That it is not at all nice in its selection, is pretty evident; for among the cooled streams of lava may be seen morsels of rocks of different kinds. Much of the ejected material is less or more metallic, much also is of an earthy nature, and very readily

subsides into soil for the growth of orange and fig trees, vines, and the grain from which the Neapolitan fabricates his macaroni.

Along the shore from Naples, there is now a railway by which tourists may make their excursions, but a hired carriage, at least for Herculaneum and some other points, is preferable. To Herculaneum, the road is one of those spacious thoroughfares paved with large smooth stones which I have already noticed as a remarkable feature of the towns in Italy; and along this our ride through a long straggling suburb did not occupy above an hour. Although it was early in May, the weather resembled that of a hot summer day in England, and whether riding or walking, I had to use an umbrella as parasol. Along the side of the road, the people were outside their doors at their customary handicrafts—women spinning with the distaff, shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artificers, including macaroni-makers, who were hanging out their long pipe-like materials on poles. We had also examples of the methods of keeping pigs, pet-lambs, and donkeys; the practice apparently being to take these animals into the dwelling-house of the family at night, and put them out during the day. In various instances, a black pig might be seen tethered to a nail in the wall by a rope round his waist, and with this precaution as to good-behaviour, left to enjoy a scrap of vegetable for dinner, with an unlimited quantity of warm air mixed with flies and dust for dessert.

Portici being passed, we enter Resina, and drive up to a door on our right, distinguishable by three beggars and a faccino, whose self-appointed duty is to lie in wait for tourists. Off fly hats, and off flies the faccino to let down the steps and open the door of the carriage; but more than this he does not attempt at present. Within the doorway, we are taken in hand by the appointed exhibitor, who gives each of us a candle, that he lets us know in English is 'wax,' the faculty of using that word being of immense consequence in view of its enhancement of fee. Taking the piece of candle, which, after all, is only 'Price,' we follow this genius down a long flight of stone steps, as if we were descending the shaft of a coal-pit. Getting to the depth of about

eighty feet, and then proceeding a short way along a passage—steps, passage, and all being excavated from the solid lava—we begin to see by the light of our candles vestiges of painting and cornices on the rocky cavern ; and turning and winding, come to what was a Roman open-air theatre, with rows of stone seats. Then, we are shewn the orchestra and front of the stage, also part of the green-room, with traces of frescoes on the walls. Judging from the space cleared, the size of the theatre must have been immense. And there are we staring about with flickering candles in our hands, ninety feet below the level of the street, and can hardly realise the fact, that the huge dark vault was once a theatre open to the light of day, and rung with the shouts of ten thousand people. The liquid lava had flowed so thoroughly into all parts and crevices, that the theatre, like every other portion of the city, was sealed up as in the centre of a stone ; and the digging of it out so far has been a work of immense labour. Lost sight of for ages, it was only on the digging of a well in 1709 that the overwhelmed city was discovered ; and the excavations are of much more recent date. Any further attempts to dig into the hardened lava are hopeless, but explorations are now busily carried on at a spot where the destruction was by showers of ashes. Having ascended to the surface, resigned our candles, and paid our fee, we proceeded down a lane in the direction of the sea, and came upon a large enclosure, from which the incumbent earth had been removed. A sloping pathway led us into the ruins of buildings, roofless and shattered, of the ancient Roman type. These appear to have been situated on the sea-shore, for the marks of the surging waves are still visible on the walls. At present, the sea is a quarter of a mile distant. We found several men clearing out rubbish. They had just come upon a house with the wooden roof broken in and charred to a cinder—a striking evidence of the character of the catastrophe. Some officers of government were posted on duty to secure objects of artistic value, and prevent dilapidation.

Returning to our carriage, we had still a long day before us, and drove forward to Torre dell' Greco—the facchino, resolutely

determined to make a job of us, sticking on behind, and now and then throwing in a word in French, to shew his accomplishments as a conductor. And after all, the facchino turned out to be useful, and worth the three francs which he finally pocketed. On getting to Torre dell' Greco, he led us about to see the different houses that had last year been shattered by the earthquake ; some being so rent as to be uninhabitable ; while others, only cracked in the



walls, are still in use. That people should at all remain in a place so liable to damage from Vesuvius, is only to be explained by the fact, that here is their property, and they would lose all by its desertion. Besides, there is little chance of being killed outright by these volcanic disasters ; and there is a general notion, that the Madonna will keep things from being utterly ruined.

The town lies on a slope rising from the beach to the verge of the fields of lava, and accordingly the higher up the more hazardous is the situation of the dwellings. It certainly does startle one as he emerges from a lane that leads upwards, to see that the more elevated gardens and small vineyards are bounded by banks of lava as black and compact as the hillocks of débris turned out of an iron foundry. Over these irregular banks I walked for a mile or more, always ascending, in order to have a view of the craters formed by the recent outbursts. Although comparatively small in dimensions, these craters afforded a good idea of the intensity of volcanic action; their sides being composed of scorïæ, ashes, and sulphur, still so hot as not to be touched by the hand, and their fissures exuding fumes which were scarcely endurable. The cut on preceding page, copied from a photographic sketch, may give an idea of the action of the craters near Torre dell' Greco, and the consternation of the luckless inhabitants on the occasion. After spending about two hours in these fatiguing explorations, we returned to Naples.

Our next excursion was to Vesuvius, and was performed in the same manner with a carriage as far as Resina. Formerly, there was a good carriage-road as far as the Hermitage, or about half up the mountain; but it lies buried under torrents of lava which covered it in the eruptions of 1855 and 1858. Wheeled conveyances can now ascend no higher than the outskirts of Resina. There, carriages are dismissed, and tourists must either walk or ride on ponies the rest of the way. For ladies, chairs borne on poles by four men may be hired. I mounted a sure-footed pony, while Mrs C. had a chair, and so onward and upward we went over the fields of lava, following a rude and exceedingly difficult pathway, till we arrived at the Hermitage. This is a species of restaurant occupying the outer extremity of a long ridge, which may possibly be the mass ejected at the rending of Somma from Vesuvius; it now forms a kind of island in the midst of the lava that had flowed down the ravine on each side of it, and besides the restaurant, it affords a site for a royal observatory and space for the growth of a few trees. Here, I left the pony; and as

Mrs C. was disinclined to go further, I went on towards the summit under the guidance of the bearers. On quitting the ridge, we struggle again along a rugged footpath over the lava, until we reach the wild valley lying between Somma and the base of the cone.

The ascent of the cone of Vesuvius is the worst walking of which I have had any experience. It is not walking at all, but stumbling, scrambling, creeping, over a mixture of stones and ashes, and makes a heavy demand on one's enthusiasm and power of endurance. Partly dragged, I at length got to the summit of the steep, and there a new annoyance assailed us. This was a gusty wind, which blew about the dust, and rendered it difficult to move. There was still a slight incline to be overcome, and there, to my surprise, in the midst of one of the wildest scenes in creation, a man with a basket was seated behind a low wall of rough stones, to supply refreshments to visitors. He could give an egg, roasted in the hot fissures, or, if you pleased, a slice of bread, and bottle of *lacryma christi*. His charges were a trifle too high, but one is not inclined to be critical as to prices amidst a sifting wind on the top of a volcano. I was fain to sit down for a few minutes on a stone under the shelter of the wall, and partake of a bottle of wine with the bearers, who gratefully acknowledged the libation. Having so encouraged the poor man's enterprise, we passed on to the craters. It was only now I learned there were two of these openings; the larger or most northerly being of old date, and the lesser, which we first reach, being a result of the outbreak of 1855. Along the edge of both I walked for some distance, procuring glimpses of the abyss below our feet. Each crater sent forth gusts of sulphury fumes, and these, with the clouds of very fine dust raised by the wind, rendered it impossible to take a steady or lengthened observation. I did, however, at intervals, in walking round the rim, get a fair view of the two craters. Some parts of their sides were quite precipitous from the very edge; other parts consisted of loose dusty ashes, blended with *scoriæ* and rocky projections. These slopes lead irregularly down to caverns and fissures, whence

the fumes issue, there being, in usual circumstances, no central opening to the fires beneath. The view from this elevated position over the Bay of Naples and its environs is particularly fine, but I had no relish for a protracted outlook. After casting a glance around, I made a precipitate retreat, plunging ankle deep at every step down the exterior of the cone. The sight I had obtained was interesting, but, to my mind, the thing most remarkable about Vesuvius is the vast extent of lava of different forms, extending from the foot of the cone to the outskirts of Resina and Torre dell' Greco. The various eruptions are quite distinguishable. We see how, in some torrents, the lava has hardened into folds overlapping each other with a smooth surface only deranged by cracks, while in other cases the surface can be compared only to a sea of black slag, rough, jagged, and heaved up in fantastic masses, sometimes resembling the ridges of a freshly ploughed field. Although four years have elapsed since the eruption of 1858, the lava is in several places still too hot to be handled, a circumstance that leads us to imaginé that the lower portions derive some of their heat from the fires beneath. It is indeed difficult to say where these fires are not. The sphere of volcanic action is evidently very extensive. On the borders of the sea at Torre dell' Greco there are various hot sulphurous springs boiling up among the rocks and also in the water. Similar demonstrations occur elsewhere in and about the bay, which one almost fancies to be a kind of caldron over inextinguishable fires.

At the Hermitage, after a little brushing up, I resumed my seat on the pony, Mrs C. mounted her chair, and so without any accident we got back to the point where the carriage was in waiting. We had left Naples at nine in the morning, and now it was three o'clock in the afternoon; still, at this late hour, parties passed us on their way up, and I could not but feel, as did our courier, that they incurred the risk of being belated on the mountain. So excessively rugged and intricate is the pathway over the lava, that no one ought to attempt the excursion except in daylight.

Our excursion to Pompeii was performed by railway, and

occupied about an hour from Naples. The line passes Torre dell' Greco, and Torre dell' Annunciata; much of its course being across level fields composed of materials which have been ejected from Vesuvius. At different places, a passage is cut for it through mounds of bluish coloured lava, which being hard and durable is quarried for pavement. Down the sides of these railway cuttings, there grow various flowering plants, one in particular with a flower the size of a marigold and the colour of magenta, being particularly profuse and beautiful.

Abruptly, at a level space, the train stops. We are at the Pompeii Station—think of a Pompeii station!—and accordingly get out, leaving the train to proceed, which it does as far as Cava, with a short branch to Castellamare. From the station, we have a short walk between two fields—the whole of this level space having at one time been covered by the sea—and, in front of us, observe a long grassy mound, resembling hillocks of rubbish shot from a quarry that have become covered with vegetation. Behind the mound lies Pompeii, to which it is necessary to ascend by a winding-path, instead of going down, as we vaguely had anticipated we should have to do in getting to the excavations. Along the base of the ridge runs the public-road, at the side of which, just in front of us, is a cluster of plain buildings—the well known Hôtel Diomède. Here, as a bit of enlightened foresight, we ordered dinner; and turning round the corner to the left, found ourselves at a wicket, where there were in attendance several government officials, dressed in linen jackets, foraging-caps, and carrying a short cutlass at their side. Why these men, who act as guides, should wear side-arms, is not easily explained. I can only hazard the theory, that continental police and custom-house officers can be got for lower wages by being allowed the distinction of wearing uniforms and carrying swords; and am inclined to imagine that in France a cocked-hat goes a great way towards securing a good and cheap body of gendarmes. Whether there be a shade of truth in this view of the matter, we need not now discuss, but follow the guide who is properly enough imposed on us; for were visitors to ramble about over

the ruined city without a watchful guardian of this kind, every morsel of ornament that could be knocked off would speedily disappear. Pompeii being public property, no relic whatsoever is allowed to be taken away unauthorisedly. There are instances, however, of persons of wealth and rank having been permitted to carry on excavations at their own expense, and the portion which is so disclosed is ordinarily called by their name.

Destroyed in the first century, Pompeii lay concealed till as lately as 1750. No one apparently gave a thought concerning it, and this neglect appears the more surprising, when we are told that parts of several buildings remained prominent above the soil, having never been thoroughly entombed. An accidental discovery of painted remains having suggested a regular course of excavation, the process of opening up has been going on for now upwards of a century, but under the difficulty of disposing of the incumbent earth, which, when removed, has been laid down in unshapely masses outside. Ascending by a pathway over these heaps, and attaining to the level on which the city stood, we come with startling abruptness on the silent and deserted streets. Walking onwards, and following a route which in regular order brings everything of importance under inspection, we make the circuit of the town so far as opened up. Going down one street and up another, crossing this way and that way, we have cause to be amazed at the extent which has been laid bare, though a much larger space remains to be cleared.

While there was much to surprise and delight—much to instruct and moralise over—I feel a reluctance to impose any account of what has been so often and so minutely described. A mere glance at the more remarkable features of the exhumed city will suffice. The guide having drawn attention to the fact of the city having had walls and gates, proceeds to point out a group of four magnificent ruins—the Forum, Temples of Venus and Jupiter, and the Basilica, or Court of Justice. Adjoining are the ruins of the prisons, in which several skeletons in manacles were found. At a short distance is the ruin of the theatre, with some handsome columns still standing. The houses of

distinguished individuals are also made the subject of special notice; such as of Sallust, Pansa, and the Tragic poet, also the villa of Diomèdes in a suburban street, outside the walls. In these and similar mansions of the patrician orders are noticed some remains of mosaics and frescoes, the greater part of such decorations having been removed, along with movable objects of art, to the museum at Naples. The whole city has, in fact, been cleared of every movable; and almost every place is as bare as is a house after a removal. The larger mansions have undoubtedly been magnificent, and consisting of successive courts, we see in them the type of the modern Italian palazzo and French hotel. These superior dwellings extend considerably backward from the street, the access to them being generally by an entrance between the shops of tradesmen. All the shops are of those limited dimensions which are still common in Naples, Rome, and other Italian cities. They consist of an apartment about the size of a coach-house, the front having been wholly open, or with a counter partially running across. At night, all had been closed in with shutters. I do not think there had been any shop-windows. Some of the shops seem to have had one or two small apartments behind or above. In several instances, the stone counters are seen, with large earthen-ware jars as fixtures. A baker's oven, with remains of a grinding-mill, are shewn in one of the shops; and from the skeleton of an ass having been found in a recess of this establishment, it is conjectured that the mill had been moved by that unfortunate animal. From a variety of such disclosures, it is evident that business was conducted in a primitive sort of way in Pompeii; the grinding of grain into flour, and the baking and selling of bread having taken place all in one establishment. The names of traders are seen on the fronts of their shops, but inscribed in Roman letters in so rough a style as to suggest that they had been executed unprofessionally with a stick or brush. Few buildings are believed to have been more than two stories in height. Generally, nothing remains above the first story, and accordingly the city looks like a collection of short stumps of walls, which, for preservation, are clothed with

tiles. In their entire state, the houses had flat roofs, a circumstance which hastened their destruction. On being excavated, skeletons were found in several houses, but not in great numbers; for as noticed by the younger Pliny in his account of the destruction of the city, the inhabitants generally fled to a distance for safety, many of them trying to shelter themselves from the shower of scorching ashes by carrying pillows on their heads. The skeletons found appear to have been chiefly those of ladies, who, perhaps, had not the courage or strength to escape. A number of them, when found, had on necklaces, bracelets, and rings of gold. One skeleton was found with a purse of money grasped in its bony hand; the attempt to secure the money having probably been the cause of death.

The streets are narrow, and paved with large stones in the old Roman style; in some places they are greatly worn with wheels, and very irregular. Water had been brought into the town by subterranean conduits, which emptied into large stone troughs at the corners of certain streets; and from these public fountains dwellings were supplied by water-carriers. There are back lanes in some of the streets, but no stables have yet been discovered. Possibly, horses were accommodated in the suburbs. One is pleased to see that the streets had trottoirs, a very curious fact, for it is only lately that side-pavements for foot-passengers have come into use on the continent, seemingly introduced from England. The forming of trottoirs had, therefore, become a lost art in Italy, and in few towns are such useful appendages to a street yet employed. The trottoirs of Pompeii are about thirty inches wide, and raised a foot above the street; in some instances, they are laid with a common kind of mosaic. Corresponding with them in height, there are usually three fixed stepping-stones at the end of the street. It appears from this that Pompeii was subject to showers that temporarily deluged the streets, and it was therefore necessary to have means of crossing dry-shod. As wheeled-carriages were employed, it must have required dexterity in drivers to pilot their cattle and vehicles through the spaces between the stepping-stones.

The most perfect of all the public buildings laid bare is the amphitheatre, which is situated so far apart from the other excavations that we cross a field to reach it. This field lies above the still unexplored portion of the city, and it is here that those excavations are being actively carried out, of which notice has lately been taken by the press. A number of men were digging out the earth, which was carried away by women and girls in baskets, and deposited in trucks. These were run off in the usual manner, and emptied at a distance, forming a railway embankment in the direction of Vesuvius. By this improved process of removal, the excavations may be expected to go on rapidly. It is to be regretted, however, that the embankment crosses over the space which remains to be cleared out, and will have in turn to be removed. By the girls who were engaged in this toilsome labour, the hand was, according to custom, held out for a donation; and they would not have been indisposed to loiter at their work, but for the jealous watchfulness of a taskmaster, who was armed with a light whip to keep them in order. It would have been a hard heart that did not feel for them. The weather was intensely hot, and the fatigue of lifting and carrying basketfuls of earth from the deep excavations was seemingly too much for these poor females.

We spent altogether six hours in our perambulations over Pompeii. The walk was not unaccompanied by fatigue, and when the guide brought us back to the entrance, we were in a state of perfect preparation for rest and refreshment at the *Hôtel Diomède*. Thankful to have seats, we complained neither of the heat nor the incalculable number of flies which swarmed around us, and seemed determined to secure a share of our dinner, and would have taken a share of us, too, but for the valiancy of the *garçon*, who for our protection kept whisking strips of paper tied at the end of a stick—such being the form of instrument commonly employed to beat off flies in this prolific region. In due time, the return train made its appearance, and we got safely back to Naples.

SEPULCHRAL ECCENTRICITIES.

IN Italy, one has an opportunity of studying a wonderful variety of sepulchral arrangements, besides that of simple interment. During a certain period in their history, the ancient Romans burned their dead on a funeral pile. At the termination of such ceremonies, they gathered up the ashes and unconsumed fragments of bones, and consigned the whole to what writers are pleased to call urns, but which, in reality, were little better than brown earthen-ware flower-pots, with lids. Having in this manner secured the dry inodorous remains of a friend or relation, they took the jar home and placed it on a stone shelf in their cellar, which was prepared and divided into small compartments for the purpose; or, if that was unsuitable, they sent it to persons who made a business of taking charge of such things; and so deposited, they could visit the relics at pleasure. As the Romans had poor cellar accommodation, this business of keeping cinerary urns appears to have been as flourishing, and the subject of as much rivalry, as we now see is the case with modern cemeteries; perhaps more so, for on looking at ruins under ancient shops, in the neighbourhood of Rome, it is observed that many of these establishments had a cellar divided into neat little bins for the accommodation, it may be presumed, of the remains of respectable customers. There were other concerns, however, on a grander scale, where the tariff for shelf-room would be higher. But whether small or large, plebeian or patrician, these old repositories have received the name, Columbaria, from their close resemblance to a collection of pigeon-holes.

Like everybody else, we, of course, while in Rome, went on sundry expeditions to see the columbaria, about which not a little has been written. They are situated outside the walls in different directions, but chiefly within the compass of the ancient city and its approaches on the south, where they are dotted about among the ruins that project above the surface of the Campagna, or amidst gardens where they have accidentally come to light. The first we saw were underneath the recently exposed ruins of an ancient street, near the Via di Porta Latina, a branch from the Appian Way. The tumuli laid bare, disclose ruins of brick buildings, which had formed shops, beneath which are the cellars or columbaria, some pretty entire, with urns ; in others the urns are gone. All the urns we saw were without lids, and empty ; they had probably been desecrated in the search for money, in one or other of the barbarous attacks by which Rome was laid waste. These columbaria were of limited dimensions, seldom larger than ten or twelve feet square, and low in the roof. A few had still the stair, but broken, by which they were reached from above. No inscriptions remain. In all probability, these columbaria had been used by a humble class of persons. The street, stripped of the incumbent soil, retains its old wheel-worn pavement of large polygonal stones. The opening up of the street and ruins seems to have been effected in a paroxysm, for the work is stopped. But, indeed, it would require a liberal disbursement to carry through such operations.

On the adjoining Appian Way, anciently the popular route to the southern provinces, the succession of tombs, some of them of great magnitude, has been already noticed. We are now to speak of the columbaria. Several of these, of a very superior kind, invite attention. The most complete are two situated within a vineyard, to which we ascend by a short flight of steps from the road. They had been come upon in the course of digging, and shewn for a fee, are quite a treasure to the possessor of the property. Both are vaulted apartments, sunk fifteen to twenty feet below the surface, with a portion above ground. In one there is a central pillar sustaining the arched roof ; the other

is without this support. To each, we get access by a door, and thence a very narrow stone stair down to the bottom of the vault. In looking into these columbaria, we see the whole of the sides, from floor to roof, divisioned into square pigeon-holes, each hole with its bulging flower-pot urn, generally with lid quite entire, just as they had been deposited about eighteen centuries ago. I descended to the bottom, and had an opportunity of looking into some of the urns and seeing their contents, consisting of ashes mingled with small shreds of dry bones. Over each hole is an inscription in Latin, denoting the name of the deceased. From these inscriptions it is learned that the urns contain the ashes of families of distinction in Rome, about the reign of Tiberius, or the year 14. It does not lessen our respect for the Romans in these old times, to know that they could entertain so much affection for domestic animals, as to provide the remains of these pets with urns along with members of the family. Several urns, with the ashes of favourite dogs, are pointed out; one of them, according to the inscription, having been the *delicium* of his attached mistress. How one would like to know something of the history of that little dog! Was it attended to, combed, and brushed by a slave from Britain or Dacia? Had it followed its mistress across the Forum, when she visited the *veteres tabernæ* on a shopping excursion? Did she take it with her when making calls on the Pincio and Esquiline? Then, what a sorrowful business must have been the burning of the body of the little creature, and the subsequent depositing of its urn in the patrician vault on the Appian. Speculations of this kind crowd on one in these old columbaria, where, from inscriptions over the remains of favourite slaves and favourite domestic animals, it is perceived that the Romans were by no means so cold and unfeeling as they would seem to have been from their ordinary history.

It is a long stride from these ancient times and usages, in which there was at least nothing vulgar, to the odd method of sepulture pursued by one of the religious orders in modern Rome. Off at a side, in descending from the Villa Ludovisi (anciently the gardens of Sallust), we come to the head monastery

of the Capuchin friars, which is sought after by tourists for the beauty of certain pictures, but more so for its strange burial vaults. Latterly, for want of barracks, some companies of French soldiers have been unceremoniously billeted on the monks, and their appearance in red trousers, with cigars in their mouths, loitering about the antique cloisters, seems a little incongruous. One of the qualities of a Capuchin friar, however, is entire imperturbability. He is ready to put up with anything. Just take a look of him, as he advances to shew us the vaults. His sole garment is a brown woollen gown, tied about him by a rope, and furnished with a hood, which at night or in bad weather he can pull over his shaven head. He has no shoes, stockings, shirt, hat, or gloves. His feet are kept from the ground only by soles of leather held on with straps. Except a satchel for his book and a rosary, both depending from his girdle, he is without encumbrance. Requiring no change of clothes, and indifferent to sleeping on a bed, he takes no luggage on his travels, and is detained by no tie of family or country. Commissioned by the Propaganda, he will set out uncomplainingly on a missionary expedition to the uttermost ends of the earth, in zeal, as well as in poverty, emulating one of the apostles of old. I confess to looking on this ascetic and his ways with some degree of curiosity. Like the Trappists, he is fond of contemplating what is to be his grave, and incorporates with his religious duties the pleasure of handling skulls, bones, and other mortal relics of old acquaintances. It is this last-mentioned taste that demonstrates itself so amusingly in the vaults we are about to enter. These receptacles may be defined as a museum of dead monks—monks in skeleton and in fragments, arranged with a proper regard to ornamental effect.

The vaults level with the ground are well-lighted by open grated windows, and by a passage which runs along the whole we have a good view of each in succession. Whether from the dryness of the earth and atmosphere, or other circumstances, there is no offensive odour. The eye is alone startled. In each cell or vault are two or three graves, and all are emptied in turn.

When a monk dies, his body takes the place of that in the oldest grave in the series. The deceased may have been six or ten years buried, but out he must come to make way for his successor. The usual length of time that a monk occupies a grave is six years, and that is thought to be a long enough period to dry him down to a skeleton. We were told that the earth had been brought from Jerusalem—not an uncommon thing to say in Italy—and that it possesses some marvellous desiccating properties. Sure enough, it has a dry dusty appearance; but we are not to forget that aged monks have little on their bones, and being interred without shroud or coffin, they are easily mummified. When one of them dies, his gown, cord, and rosary are laid aside, until his skeleton is taken from the tomb and prepared for a permanent airing; after which he is equipped in his former attire, and placed in a standing attitude in one of the vaults. So set up, with his dress becomingly arranged, a ligature behind holds him to the wall and keeps him from toppling over. We, therefore, in going through this strange repository, see in every vault several dressed-up skeletons, some of them of old date, and others so fresh that the heads are not quite free of the decayed outer integuments—any way, a grisly spectacle, with so many eyeless skulls looking out of dusty hoods, and bony fingers projected from old faded sleeves—all respectively distinguishable by their names affixed and the dates of their dissolution. ‘There is one,’ said I, pointing to a figure, ‘who seems not to have been long out of his grave, for I observe the brown skin on his face is not altogether gone; as he has only three teeth, I should think he was very old.’ ‘That,’ replied the monk, our conductor, ‘is old Father Antonio, who died at the advanced age of eighty-nine, and has been disinterred only six months. He was well known in the neighbourhood, and many like to see him; they know him by his three teeth, one above and two below—a worthy man was Father Antonio.’

In this agreeable way, we went on chatting about the figures. We asked the monk if *he* also would some day be a skeleton stuck up in the dress he wore, and he said he would; appearing

as if happy in looking forward to this species of posthumous celebrity. How long the monks are exhibited in the skeleton form, we did not learn. I believe that, after a time, they are taken from their niches, and broken up. Besides the entire figures, there are large collections of bones, assorted and piled up in the vaults, while the roofs are decorated with bones in such a manner as to bring out their peculiar artistic beauties. Leg-bones crossed form a common ornament, and the small bones of the vertebræ and fingers make handsome cornices—a consoling thing, no doubt, for a monk to know, that after standing his turn as a skeleton, he will finish off as an admired cornice or architrave!

It should be noted, that this fancy of exhibiting mortal remains is by no means singular. In various parts of Italy, and also Sicily, mummies and skeletons are shewn in monasteries and churches; and with the similar view of exciting serious reflections, collections of skulls and other bones are in many places exhibited publicly in glass-cases. By the frequency of these spectacles, the desired effect is lost. It did not appear to us that a glass-caseful of skulls, stuck on the roadside, excited any more attention than if it had been a glass-caseful of turnips.

Thirty years ago, Willis, a vivacious American tourist, gave, in his own imaginative way, some account of the mode of sepulture at Naples, which, if imperfect according to present circumstances, is sufficient to excite curiosity on the subject. Anxious to get at the truth, I made a point of looking into the sepulchral arrangements of the Neapolitans. Latterly, there have been considerable changes. There is still the old way of disposing of bodies, but there is also the new and more tasteful method generally pursued in civilised communities. A place of interment in Italy is usually called a Campo Santo, and there are now two Campo Santos in the neighbourhood of Naples; the Vecchio, or old one, being, I presume, that which the American so graphically describes. Both are situated on the elevated grounds in a south-easterly direction from the city, the newer being furthest out, and surrounded with beautiful suburban enclosures, rich in vines and fruit-trees.

Lying on one of those sunny slopes, the Campo Santo Nuovo consists chiefly of a cemetery in the Père-la-Chaise style, with handsome tombs and monuments environed by flowers and shrubberies, and approachable by well-kept gravel-walks. After what he had seen, Willis very naturally expressed the wish that he might not die in Naples. But since the formation of this tidily-kept cemetery, there is nothing in this respect to cause apprehension. Funerals, with their cortège of mourners in masks, of which a representation is offered, are perhaps a little grotesque,



according to our notions ; but where there are means to pay for a grave in perpetuity, no one need be without one. When there is a deficiency of cash, matters take a different turn ; and on reading what I have got to say, the poor in England may feel

that they are born to other blessings besides those enjoyed during life.

Surmounting the open grounds of the Campo Santo Nuovo, there is a quadrangular structure comprising private burial vaults, and in the centre of it is a square paved court with subterranean depositories. It is in this last-mentioned arrangement that there is any peculiarity. In the pavement are rows of iron rings, to the number of 176; and each on being lifted, gives access to a deep cell into which bodies are promiscuously dropped. A Capuchin monk, who was in attendance, did not seem inclined to be very communicative, but we gathered from him that the interments in these common receptacles are not gratuitous. A charge equal to five or six shillings is made for each, and we further learned that the bodies, when lowered, are not quite naked. This, in short, is a middle-class cemetery, or at all events something better than a depository of disowned paupers or beggars. All the cells were closed, and as the monk was not disposed to open one at the request of a stranger, we drove off to the Campo Santo Vecchio, to try to get a little more explicit information.

Approached by a winding lane, along which are a humble class of dwellings, this old burial-place has no pretension to the character of a fashionable cemetery. Occupying the summit of a rising ground, it consists of a large paved court of a quadrangular form, surrounded by a low building faced by recesses, some of which near the entrance are fitted up with box-like presses. Beneath the pavement are 366 cells or pits, each about 12 feet square, 60 feet deep, built all round, and accessible by lifting a stone with an iron ring. There being a cell for every day in the year, the accommodation is apparently ample for ages to come. There is something revolting, however, in the indifference with which the corpses of human beings of all ages—infants, young and old, men and women—are here indiscriminately consigned to dissolution.

We found a man and boy in attendance. They were at a remote corner of the silent area when we entered, and with the instinct of a sexton who saw a fee in the distance, the man

approached, and was ready to explain and shew us anything. It was a horrid wish, as some will think, but I expressed my desire to look down into one of these dark caverns of the dead. We were forthwith conducted to the stone which was next in order to be lifted. A long wooden lever, resting on an upright fulcrum, was brought to the spot; a chain with a hook from the short arm of the lever was fixed to the ring; and the man and boy throwing their whole weight on the extremity of the longer arm, up came the stone, which by a jerk was swayed aside, leaving the aperture clear. I expected there would have been an offensive effluvium, but nothing of the kind was experienced. Allowing a minute to elapse, I knelt or rather lay down on the hot pavement, and shading my eyes, tried to pierce the gloom of the cavern. In a little time, I was able to see to the bottom, and could there distinguish what may be mildly described as a confused heap of skeletons—certainly a far from pleasant spectacle, but one not without its moral. I inquired if the pits were ever cleared out, and learned they were not. The number of bodies let down is about twenty per day, and at this rate the pits will be long in being filled. The practice is to accumulate in one of the side receptacles all that are brought during a day, and drop them into the allotted pit in the evening. The bodies are carried hither in coffins, but that is only out of regard for public decency; for the coffins have hinged lids, and being cleared of their contents, are returned for further use. Sometimes, as an additional point of decorum, the bodies are in shrouds or some other species of covering; more frequently, however, they are naked, in which state they are let fall, one by one, feet foremost, into the pit, making a fresh layer over the previous years' mortality. No quicklime is employed to accelerate decomposition.

The establishment being supported by the municipality, no charge is made for this sort of accommodation. A large proportion of the bodies are from the hospitals and poor-house, but numbers of the less affluent classes, and of course all friendless and penniless strangers, must look to finishing their earthly

career in the free pits of the Campo Santo Vecchio. Such is the unreflecting gaiety of the Neapolitans, that perhaps they do not esteem this a very undesirable fate. Yet, the prospect of being pitched like carrion into a common receptacle, may at times produce a pang even in the most thoughtless and abject. One day, in Naples, I observed a poor but decently clothed man seated at the side of the busy thoroughfare, seemingly in deep distress, inviting but not asking alms. Across his knees lay the dead body of his son, a child about six years of age, which bespoke the charity of passengers more eloquently than words. The man, as I fancied by his looks, was craving money to enable him to perform the obsequies of his child with some regard to propriety, and I compassionated him accordingly. One might ask if a country can have been righteously governed or cared for, where such things exist and provoke no particular remark.

THE RETURN: LOMBARDY, VENETIA.

WE left Naples with regret ; for we felt that in turning our face homewards we were quitting balmy air and sunshine for a clime which knows no settled summer, and where the only warmth to be reckoned on is at the fireside. It did not console us to know, that in taking places in the *Aunis*, one of the steamers of the French Messageries Impériales, for Genoa, we had no assurance of being in bed for three nights, and would have to sleep on the floor, or anywhere that chance might assign. Already I have adverted to the excellent sea-equipment and management of these vessels, but now we had to suffer from what is their conspicuous defect—a want of accommodation for their excessive number of passengers, along with little regard for the comfort of those who happen to be unprovided with cabins. Like a hundred others, we had to pass the night on deck, and with them also had, in the morning, to encounter a scramble for the single basin vouchsafed as a favour by the steward. Unwilling to complain of this and other petty annoyances, I have less hesitation in pointing to the extreme injustice towards the couriers, ladies' maids, and other servants of a respectable class on board. Though paying second-class fare, they were not allowed to mess with the second-class passengers, and were otherwise treated in a manner so cruel and unworthy, as to remind one of nothing so much as the misusage of people of colour on board American river-steamers. This is a condition of things not at all creditable to the Messageries Impériales, and it is to be trusted they will revise their rules on the subject.

our interest to know that, begun about five hundred years ago, it received its finishing touches only within the present century, in the order of Napoleon. With so much to admire, one regrets to whisper a word in disparagement ; I believe, however, that many will unite with me in thinking, that the building loses dignity by being too broad for its height ; and that the interior, grand as it is in many respects, unfortunately possesses the gloom of a funereal vault. Not disputing the elegance of details, the Milan cathedral was, to my thinking, neither impressive nor simple convenient ; and though it may be a heresy to say so, I can see no merit in contrivances which shut out the light of day from a place devoted to the worship of the Supreme Being. St Ambrose is the saint specially invoked, and in a crypt beneath, his shrines and relics are shewn on application. The relics consist of the body of the saint embalmed, laid out in full canonicals, and enclosed in a glass-case, through the panes of which are seen the shrivelled features. As St Ambrose died in 397, it can be supposed that these mummified relics are only interesting from their antiquity. That Ambrose must have been a man beyond the ordinary stamp, and worthy of being held in remembrance, is signified by the fact, that a certain form of ritual which he introduced still continues in use within the diocese of Milan. To see the nature of these Ambrosian rites, as they are called, I attended the service in the cathedral. They seemed to consist mainly in the method of chanting the mass, more monotonous than that of the Gregorian chant generally in use. The sermon preached on the occasion was of a very superior kind.

Days may be spent in visiting that extensive old library, the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, so peculiarly rich in manuscripts ; the Brera Gallery of Paintings ; and several churches remarkable for their ancient architecture. Like others, we visited the painting of the 'Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of an old convent, now appropriated as barracks for soldiers. The room which has a dismal, deserted aspect, is under the charge of a keeper. The painting is on the wall at one end, and is greatly damaged by damp, scaling off, and reparations of various kind

So frequently has it been repaired, that little or nothing of the original remains ; and with all its patching, it is in course of rapid decay. A sight of this celebrated work, and of the still more famous but also faded pictures of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, conveys the salutary impression that the execution of paintings on walls, no matter under what precautions, is an irreparable blunder.

Quitting Milan for a week, we proceeded on an excursion to Venice. The route conducted us through the heart of Lombardy, which at this season was in all its beauty. The rich level fields, waving with cereal crops, were intersected with mulberry-trees, from which men were stripping the leaves, and carrying them away in bags as food for the silk-worms. But the most picturesque feature in the landscape was the abundance of vines, which hung in graceful festoons between the trees, or, where exuberant, were supported on poles. And thus we saw a country yielding three crops at once—corn, wine, and silk—along with an abundance of fruits, and the milk for which the dairies of the Lombardy peasants are famous. Bounding this fertile region on the north, we had the range of lofty and jagged Alps, here and there shewing patches of still unmelted snow. At the modern frontier of the kingdom of Italy, this Alpine scenery was enriched with a view of the Lago di Garda, a lake of great beauty projected among the mountains. Immediately beyond this point, at Peschiera, the train is pulled up, and detained for an hour, during which there is a scrupulous examination of baggage and passports by Austrian officials. It presents a very odd scene that dingy passage in the semi-custom-house, semi-restaurant, where an impatient crowd wait the opening of the wicket to receive an authority to proceed on their journey. One of the peculiarities of the ordeal is, that the official, before delivering the passport, very cleverly addresses the person designated in his own language, so as to evoke an answer, by way of test, that there is no imposition. Any Italian trying to get admission to Venetia under an English name and passport, would thus probably be detected. One person who had been attempting some irregularity

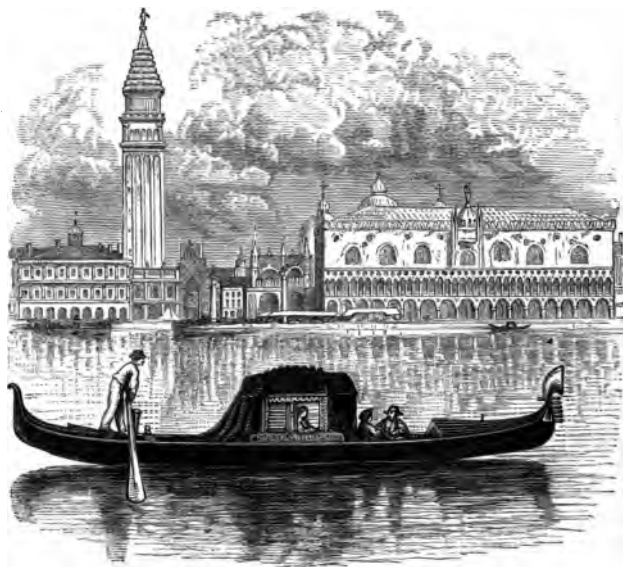
of this nature was requested to step inside, and we saw no more of him. Even when everything is *en règle*, tourists entertain a reasonable horror of an Austrian frontier.

In the evening, the train stopped at Verona, where we chose to remain a day to see a place, the name of which is familiar to us from the plays of Shakspeare. I need not, however, go into an account of this venerable but very dull town, which has the usual number of fine old churches, a Roman amphitheatre in good preservation, and some other objects of antiquarian interest, including several palimpsests of great rarity in the Biblioteca Capitolare. The only things we cared much about seeing were these literary curiosities. Need I to explain that palimpsest is the name given to an ancient Roman classic on vellum, the writing of which has been obliterated to make way for the inscription of some medieval treatise. By the politeness of a priest who acted as librarian, we had the gratification to see two remarkably fine palimpsests; one of them a copy of Virgil of the third century, under a theological disquisition, the original having been partially revived and rendered legible by means of a chemical preparation. It should be mentioned, that the practicability of revival is furthered by the medieval writing being between the lines of the original work. The exceeding scarcity of a vehicle for literature before the invention of paper, was of course the cause of these incongruous combinations.

With a sight of these curiosities, we left Verona as quickly as possible. Its situation on the Adige is pretty, and there seem to be pleasant environs; but being walled and strongly garrisoned by Austrians, the general aspect of the place is hateful, and its dull, antique streets are seen with a degree of commiseration. And so, we sped to Venice, that 'glorious city in the sea,' as Byron calls it, with canals for streets, and gondolas for hackney-coaches. Formerly, there was some trouble in being rowed across the broad lagoon from the mainland to this strange insular city; but here, as elsewhere, the railway has worked wonders. By a costly stone viaduct of more than two miles in length, and the arches of which, 222 in number, are raised little above the

level of the water, the train suffers no interruption, and we are speedily and conveniently landed in a spacious terminus.

Now begins the novelty incident to a town stuck about in detachments in the sea. Instead of a cluster of cabs, we find a row of gondolas drawn up for hire at a quay outside the station. Stepping into one of these long-shaped, black, funereal-looking barges, and taking our seats under a canopy not unlike that of a hearse, we are rowed off towards a hotel. When these gondolas



are rowed by two men, one is in front, the other behind, and invariably in a standing attitude, with the oar working on a high species of rest. There is no helm; the vessel can be moved either way; and the dexterity in guiding it with the oars round corners, or in bringing it suddenly to a stand, is as remarkable as

the perfect smoothness of the motion. It is observed that all the gondolas have a high beak in front of polished iron, resembling an ancient halbert, which, when seen advancing, has a certain grotesque fierceness of aspect. The cut on preceding page offers an exact representation of a gondola with a single rower, such as is frequently seen. Rowed steadily and effectively by two men, we glided at a good speed along the Grand Canal, which pursues a serpentine course through the town. Twice or thrice, the rowers took a short-cut by darting up a lane, but always returned to the main channel, and gave us an opportunity at the outset of seeing a variety of the finer buildings in the town, including the Rialto, which we had the honour of passing beneath. At length we arrived at our hotel, the Barbesi; the gondola glided up to the steps of the front door, at which the landlord stood ready to hand his guests ashore.

I am particular in offering these and other explanations, for until my visit to Venice, I did not from any general account understand some of its singularities. Our hotel, fronting the Grand Canal at a point where it is as wide as any of the squares in London, consisted of a large mansion, once the palazzo of a local dignitary; it rises sheer from the water in front, but communicates by a back-entrance with an open court environed by buildings, and from which court there were narrow paved avenues leading in different directions. Pursuing these avenues, we occasionally cross bridges of a single arch over the narrower channels, and find that they are invariably shaped as broad steps, obstructive of wheeled vehicles if there were any; but there is none of any description in the whole city. There is no carriage, cart, horse, donkey, or mule in the place; nor, as far as I could learn, is there any animal larger than a dog or cat. The consequence is an extraordinary and very startling degree of silence. Throughout the complicated net-work of canals, all traffic in goods is necessarily conducted by means of boats, and for the transit of passengers there are public and private gondolas. Gentlemen keep gondolas as they would keep carriages, with gondoliers in livery to row them from place to place. As the

tides of the Adriatic rise only about eighteen inches, the water is always up to the flight of steps in front of the dwellings. Access behind the principal buildings is gained by the lesser channels ; and it was by these that the barges of old, acting as lighters from shipping, delivered the merchandise at the doors of warehouses, whence packages were transmitted over Northern Italy and Germany.

The Grand Canal, by which we had made our entrance, may be called the chief street in the city, and corresponding to a Boulevard, is bordered with the most magnificent of the palaces of the old aristocracy. These buildings are of marble, but dingy from age, and offer some of the finest specimens of Italian architecture. The most elegant are the palazzos Giustiniani, Foscari, and Pesaro, all near each other, but others at a distance are scarcely less worthy of note. These superb edifices, described by old travellers as rich in paintings of the great masters, are no longer occupied by the families from whom they derive their names. The Venetian noblesse had greatly degenerated before the overthrow of the republic, and begun to desert the mansions which they were no longer able or willing to maintain. Those who inhabited the palazzos have either sold them or abandoned them in the course of political vicissitudes, and now we find them either occupied as hotels or by an inferior order of inhabitants, or quite as frequently degraded into barracks for soldiers, in which case their interior decorations have been remorselessly destroyed. In any case, the change that has come over these sumptuous dwellings is most distressing, nor is one less affected with the comparative desertion of the watery highway in front of them ; for the gondola of a stranger and some casual barge are nearly all that represent the retinues and argosies of ancient Venetian opulence.

Although Venice is plenteously intersected by water-channels for general traffic, we are not to entertain the idea that there is little or no thoroughfare on foot. Standing on seventy-two islands, united by upwards of three hundred bridges, the town may be visited in all quarters without recourse to a gondola. Along the sides of the paved ways are seen the dwellings of the

humbler and trading-classes. In those thoroughfares leading to St Mark's are the principal shops; but the best of these business streets is only a smooth-flagged lane about the width of the Burlington Arcade. Towards the Rialto, the thoroughfare is of a more common kind, and here we find the fish, vegetable, and other markets. The Rialto itself is a bridge so broad as to admit of an avenue between a double row of small shops, with a passage behind the shops on each side.

Impatient to see this very curious town, I immediately, after arrival, pushed out by the back-lanes and connecting bridges towards the great centre of attraction, the piazza in front of St Mark's. The first glance reminded me of the Palais Royal, for the square is similarly environed on three sides with open arcades, with shops and cafés, about as elegant as those we see in Paris; but the central space is entirely paved, and the further end is filled with the antique and peculiarly striking front of the cathedral, a building of the twelfth century, with a strong dash of the eastern or Byzantine character; on its left, is the ancient palace of the doges, also so eastern in type, that we feel as if beginning to procure glimpses of those oriental regions with which the old Venetians carried on their trading operations. Who, from the thousands of pictures illustrative of Venice, does not know the look of St Mark's, the doge's palace, the two granite columns facing the sea—one bearing St Theodore standing on a crocodile, the other a lion? or who does not know to a nicety the appearance of the Bridge of Sighs, with 'a palace and a prison on each hand,' or, more correctly, a palace on one side and a prison on the other? Although that is the true position of the picturesque covered passage from the doge's palace to the adjacent prison, we are not to forget that, with all its grandeur, a character worse than that of a common prison pertains to the palace of the doges. In the dark dungeons beneath it, prisoners were immured previous to torture or execution, while in the upper apartments under the leads, known as the fatal *Piombi*, Silvio Pellico and others suspected of being inimical to Austria languished for years in solitary confinement.

Churches, galleries of pictures, monuments, and other subjects of interest were seen once for all ; but time after time, we returned to St Mark's, the palace of the doges, the two columns, and the grand old piazza with its flocks of pigeons, that are always hovering about to be fed by any one who is willing to scatter a few crumbs. In the decayed state of the town, the chief resort to the piazza is in the evening, when a military band adds its attractions to those of the cafés ; but even then, on the seats scattered about, there is a meagre assemblage, as if nothing could inspire the inhabitants with feelings of hilarity. Here, as elsewhere in Italy, we saw little peculiarity of costume ; for modern times have seen an end of nearly all singularities either in manners or dress. The custom of offering small bouquets of flowers gratuitously (though a donation is not rejected) is practised here as we had seen it at Naples. The Venetian flower-girls, however, seemed to be of a superior order, and presented their bouquets with an air which bore a remarkable contrast to the boisterous gaiety of the Neapolitans.

Stepping into a gondola, we devoted a day to an excursion southwards, to have a glimpse of the Adriatic ; but a squall springing up, we were fain to return and take a stretch in an opposite direction towards several islands detached at one to two miles' distance. In this last cruise we had an opportunity of seeing an island in process of being formed by barge-loads of mud, dredged from the canals of the city, and emptied in accumulating masses in the sea. Beyond this gradually increasing islet, on which, by and by, buildings may be erected on piles, we arrived at Isola Murano, a populous island, on which are the celebrated glass manufactories of Venice. Landing at a quay in front of these establishments, we were permitted, or rather invited, to see them, for the sight of strangers is hailed as quite a windfall of petty donations. Conducted over the various concerns, we found several hundreds of men employed in the different departments of bead and coloured glass-making. A small species of beads of different colours, made from long fine-drawn tubes of glass not thicker than an ordinary wire, were the

chief manufacture. All are made by hand; no machinery of any kind being employed to economise the labour. The quantity produced is immense—as far as I could learn, about a ton a day—and the marvel is where they all go. We were told that there is a considerable export to eastern countries, and the general consumption is increased by the quantity of ladies' fancy-work with beads and bugles. The manufacture of coloured glass cups, and similar articles, appeared to be very inferior to that of the well-known Bohemian glass. In passing through the works, we had a succession of demands on us for money more abject and shameless than we had elsewhere encountered in Italy.

In returning, we passed an island of lesser dimensions, appropriated as a cemetery by the Venetians, and environed by a wall, over which the tops of a few trees were alone visible—a dismal, and, I should think, rather humid place of sepulture; but for this and other inconveniences there is no help. Before arriving in the city, we overtook a large barge laden with butts of fresh water for the public cisterns. The common method of storing water for domestic use is in vaults, in the centre of courtyards, to which it is run in wooden spouts from the barges; and from these underground cisterns it is drawn by the surrounding inhabitants. In the inner court of the doge's palace are two *puteoli* or draw-wells of this kind, the part raised above the pavement being of bronze, and so elegant in design, as to enrich the effect of the quadrangle.

As Venice possesses many fine studies for the artist, it would have been strange if it had not formed a prolific subject for photography. There are, accordingly, several photographic artists who prepare views of the more remarkable buildings and other objects—some of them of exquisite accuracy and finish. If I may be permitted to mention one who excels in this ingenious art, I would refer to Charles Ponti, Quai des Esclavons. As an optician, Signor Ponti is the inventor of the Alethoscope, an instrument which, by a single glass and single photograph, gives the effect of the stereoscope. At his establishment we had the pleasure of seeing one of these novel instruments.

It stood on a table, and was used for the larger kind of photographs. The Alethoscope is costly, and I believe scarcely yet known in England.

We spent about a week in Venice inquiring into its strange social arrangements, and loitering about that grand old piazza of St Mark's, in which the parade of merchant-kings is a tradition of the past, and the hum of commerce no longer audible. What city has undergone so rapid a change for the worse?—and who affects ignorance of the cause of the calamity? Granting that the Venetian republic was no republic at all, but an unscrupulous oligarchy, as those dismal prison-cells and the Bridge of Sighs too truly demonstrate, one does not the less feel the deepest commiseration for Venetia, placed under the iron rule of Austria, and for which great crime England must bear her own share of blame. As it now stands, what is Venice but the corpse of its former self—its higher classes fled, and their magnificent palaces converted into barracks; its theatres shut up, as nobody will go to them; its general trade reduced to a petty retail traffic; a sepulchral gloom hanging over everything, and no prospect of any species of revival as long as the country around remains in its present political posture. Such were our sorrowful reflections on quitting this once grand but now forlorn city.

PADUA, THE LAKES, THE SPLUGEN.

IN returning from Venice, we took the opportunity of stopping a day at Padua, an ancient city noted for its university, but still more noted for its saint, to whose shrine I had a fancy to make a pilgrimage. This was not difficult to do, for Padua is a station on the line of railway, and from the hôtel—the worst and dearest we had found in Italy—we had only to walk across the way to the church, which forms the centre of attraction in the town. A month previously, when visiting the church of Ara Cœli in Rome, I had been stimulated to know something of the renowned Sant' Antonia di Padova, who, dying in 1231, left behind him such a high reputation for miracle-working, that till this day he is invoked for succour in cases of extreme danger to life and limb.

The church of *Il Santo*, as it is called, is a large building of brick, far from elegant in appearance, and with its several spires and cupolas, has somewhat of an eastern style of construction. The interior, which has numerous monuments of distinguished personages, differs little from churches of its age and character. There are several altars, but that which is specially dedicated to the saint, occupying the northern transept, and considerably elevated, is decorated with all that art can accomplish as regards sculpture, gilding, and miscellaneous ornament, while, to give additional effect, numerous lamps are kept constantly burning before it.

In front of this superb structure, worshippers are seen on their knees in silent devotion, and behind it others, more demonstrative, are spreading their hands and pressing their foreheads on

the gray marble sarcophagus which sustains the general fabric. On the walls around, as well as on the two ends of the altar, there hang a large number of framed sketches in oil or water colours, illustrative of the miraculous interposition of the saint. The special function of St Anthony of Padua appears to be the saving of persons from being killed by some sudden catastrophe, such as the overturning of carriages, the running away of horses, the upsetting of boats, and the falling over precipices ; it would even seem he is found available in the case of railway accidents, a circumstance which certainly deserves grateful notice. Some of the sketches referred to recent occurrences. One represented a person prostrate with the wheel of a wagon about to crush him to death, but St Anthony is seen looking down benignantly from the clouds, and may be presumed to have averted the calamity, for the picture bears the inscription, 'Per Grazio Riccevenuto, 3 Oct. 1858.' In the treasury of the church, a highly decorated apartment behind the choir, certain relics of Il Santo are carefully preserved. The most precious is his tongue, which, enshrined in a case of gold and jewels, is shewn publicly at his annual festa, when immense crowds attend from the country around.

Outside the church we found several stalls for the sale of pewter medals, pictures, and histories of the life and miracles of the saint. I could not but look with some degree of curiosity on a species of chap-books such as constituted the popular literature in England three hundred and odd years ago. I bought several of these cheap histories, which are not less amusing as narratives than for their coarse and grotesque prints, illustrative of the miracles wrought by the grand Taumaturgist—as, for example, his preaching to the fishes, which he called to the surface of the sea to listen to his discourse ; his causing a mule to kneel down in the street in adoration of the host ; and his drawing an answer from a new-born infant as to who was its father !* These and

* *Vita del Gran Taumaturgo Sant' Antonio di Padova, estratta dall' Ab. de Azevedo da Vincenzo Voltolina. Venezia, 1857.*

other stories of the miracles effected by St Anthony of Padua are told with perfect gravity ; and the fact of such being in popular request, affords one a by no means pleasing insight into the intelligence among the humbler classes in this part of Italy.

The university of Padua, which we had the satisfaction of seeing, derives some celebrity from the circumstance of Galileo having been one of its professors ; and though greatly fallen off in point of attendance, is said still to have a high reputation as a fountain of learning. Entertaining no doubt as to its ancient and modern renown, we may be excused for lamenting that it should have done so little to irrigate the popular mind with some rills of general knowledge. As just seen, numbers of people within a hundred yards of its venerable class-rooms, are at the lowest depths of intelligence. Another incongruity fell unexpectedly under notice. In the course of a ramble, we entered the church of Santa Giustina, a large and handsome basilica with side-aisles, and to our surprise found it full of military stores. Sacks of flour, billets of wood, and other materials were piled high on the floor from end to end of the building, in offensive contrast with the fine paintings and sculptures at the several altars. The use of the church for religious purposes was for the time at an end. And this under Austrian authority ! The French incurred some abuse for having converted the adjoining monastery into a barrack, but that seems a mild form of outrage in comparison with this odious act of desecration.

There was nothing to invite a protracted stay in this in all respects antiquated town. The old buildings along its narrow streets, supported by pillars and arches to form arcades for foot-passengers, form the leading feature of its architecture, and impart a gloomy aspect to the place. Resuming the train, we proceeded to conclude our excursion by a visit to those lakes in the north of Italy—Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, which few tourists return across the Alps without seeing. As the lakes are separated only by necks of land a few miles wide, for which carriages can be obtained on the spot, they may be taken conveniently in a group, and it rests with excursionists whether

to begin with Como or Maggiore ; their choice being probably governed by the route they purpose afterwards to pursue. We preferred to commence with Maggiore, having a view to cross the Alps by the Splügen, the grandest pass into Switzerland in point of rugged scenery ; but comparatively few adopt this somewhat circuitous route home, and prefer beginning with Como, in order to cross the mountains by St Gothard or the Simplon from Maggiore. There is now a railway from Milan to Como, and also to Arona on Maggiore, so that there is no difficulty whatever in getting to the scenery of these beautiful sub-alpine lakes. In various quarters there are first-rate hotels, more particularly at Arona, Lugano, and Bellagio, and to complete the amenities of travelling, on each lake there are good steamers, which touch at a considerable number of places in their voyages to and fro. With these several advantages, any party of excursionists may enjoy a leisurely trip through the lake district, and, as one more recommendation, they will hear English, or, at all events, French, spoken at all the superior hotels.

Passing through Milan, we had the rail to Arona, a small but thriving town situated near the southern extremity of Lake Maggiore, and commanding a fine view of the opposite shore, with the castle of Angera crowning a rocky promontory. But the views are fine on all sides ; the green hills being well clothed with woods—hazel, olive, and mulberry—and studded with picturesque chalets. Favoured with communication by railway with Milan and Turin, and with steamers departing and arriving daily, Arona is in course of rapid improvement. Handsome villas are springing up in the neighbourhood, and in all quarters there is an air of activity which is in striking contrast to what we had lately seen in Venetia. Formerly, the eastern side of the lake belonged to Austria, and tourists in passing from place to place had some trouble about luggage and passports, but now all that portion of Maggiore which does not pertain to Switzerland is included in the kingdom of Italy, and consequently there is no interruption. Thanks to Napoleon, the road across the Simplon was carried along the western shore of the lake in communication

with Milan. Along this road we took a conveyance from Arona to a village about eight miles distant, with the design of visiting Isola Bella, one of the Borromean isles, whence we intended to be carried forward by the steamer which would pass a few hours afterwards.

The Borromean Isles, taking their name from a family of local distinction, are three in number—Isola Bella, Isola Piscatore, and Isola Madre, all of small extent. The only one of any note is Isola Bella—the Beautiful Island—so called from no natural beauty, but from the manner in which it is artificially decorated and rendered attractive. As a curiosity in its way, crowds of tourists visit it on their passage up or down the lake, or when en route to the Simplon. Having finished our short but pleasant drive, and seated ourselves in a boat under a white awning, we were speedily rowed to Isola Bella, which is about a mile from the western shore. On approaching the islet, we see the most extraordinary piling up of garden-terraces, sustained by walls and surmounted with figures in stone, reminding us of nothing so much as a fantastic piece of confectionary. Such is the southern extremity. Behind the terrace-gardens is a large mansion; and to fill up a nook on the west there is an irregular cluster of buildings, in which are comprehended a village, with a church, a hôtel, and harbour—gardens, mansion, and village covering every inch of the island, and yet the whole measuring only a few acres in extent. Any one who desires to know how to make the most of a barren islet should visit Isola Bella.


Originally, the island was little else than a mass of rock projecting irregularly from the surface of the water, and was made what it now is, at an immense cost, by Count Borromeo about 1671; the tradition being, that all the earth composing the terrace-gardens was brought from the mainland. The palace, which was never finished, occupies the northern extremity of the islet, and is a heavy but not inelegant building. It is a show-place, with seemingly no permanent resident; and we were conducted by its keeper through the extensive suites of apartments, which are designed and decorated in the old French style,

and hung with family and other pictures. From one of the galleries we are led into what may be termed the pleasure-ground, an enclosure of different heights, with forest-trees to afford a cool retreat from the burning heat overhead. Here is shewn a large laurel-tree, in the bark of which Bonaparte, in one of his Italian campaigns, cut the word *battaglia*. The inscription has suffered very much. It is said that an Austrian soldier made a sabre-cut at the tree, as if to erase the word, and that the bark was afterwards taken away by an Englishman. The inscription is still partly legible. By flights of steps and winding walks we ascend and descend among the different terraces, on which and in the more spacious parterres, a variety of fine exotic plants from tropical climates grow in the open air.

The whole of what is shewn to strangers being seen in half an hour, we had some time to spare, and devoted it to an exploration of the village—a strange huddle of huts on different levels, inhabited by a fisher-population, who eke out the means of subsistence by rearing silkworms, but for this purpose have to import fresh mulberry-leaves from the mainland. What studies for the painter! Fantastic-shaped cottages, all outs and ins, with overhanging roofs, outside stairs, nets drying on poles, fishermen in red night-caps mending boats, children scrambling and rolling about, and shrivelled old crones seated at doors spinning with the distaff. The two great buildings in the group are the church and hôtel. Both were hospitably open. We looked into the church, which, besides an altar and some decorations, owns a banner of the Madonna for carrying about on festivals; though the extent of its perambulations must be limited to the crooked slip of quay which is scarcely fifty yards in length. Near the church, and overlooking the lake, is the hôtel—the Dauphin—a neat and comfortable house of entertainment. Having exhausted the sights of the island, we here finally sought some rest and refreshment. There are little pleasant spots in one's journey through life which are not to be readily effaced from memory. This brief visit to the Dauphin was one of them. Seated on the elevated platform at the door of the hôtel, underneath a canopy

of orange-trees, we looked out on the placid lake and lofty peaks beyond—a scene of tranquil beauty, with no distracting element, and rendered additionally enjoyable from that delicious softness in the air which is felt in perfection south of the Alps. In this insular retreat, we were taking farewell of the sunny south, its musical language, its hopeful social progress, and much that had afforded us amusement during our varied excursion. Here, likewise, we partook, for the last time, of our favourite Asti—a simple effervescing wine of Northern Italy, too weak and delicate, as I fancy, to bear being exported. With our host we had some conversation, and learned that to relieve the pressure of demand for accommodation he was about to build a large and splendid hôtel, at a pretty spot which he pointed out on the shore of the mainland—a good evidence this of general improvement. And thus we loitered and gossiped until the steamer was declared to be rounding the promontory from Arona. A boat, by one or two pulls of the oars, put us on board, and off we swept up the lake, passing shortly the other two Borromean isles, one densely covered with a fishing-village, and the other laid out as a pleasure-ground, with a modern villa.

The greater number of passengers designed to continue in the steamer to Magadino, at the top of the lake, in order to proceed by Bellinzona across the St Gothard to Lucerne. We did not proceed so far, but landed on the eastern shore at Luino, and thence by a carriage crossed a high ridge of ground to Lugano, where we arrived in the evening. Lugano is essentially an Italian town, but belongs to the Swiss canton of Tecino, which here awkwardly projects south of the Alps. In it there is nothing to interest tourists, unless they are disposed to visit the cavernous and badly paved arcades which border the streets, and wish to see other evidences of a state of things much behind the spirit of the age. In singular contrast with the ancient buildings and thoroughfares, the town possesses a hôtel in the western environs—Hôtel de Parc—as spacious and well managed as any establishment we had seen in Italy. Many




of the Italian hôtels, as elsewhere noticed, were originally palazzos of nobility. This one at Lugano, as I understood, had been a monastery of a superior order ; and if such is its history, its accommodations do credit to the taste of the monks. Near it, there is an English chapel ; we found in the hôtel numerous families of English tourists, and as all the garçons spoke English, it really may be called an establishment specially adapted as a resort for our countrymen. In the neighbourhood there is some fine scenery, with scope for mountain rambles. The lake of Lugano, though comparatively small, is environed by hills of a rugged Alpine character, which, with the villages stuck about in nooks on its shores, would afford good subjects for the pencil. A steamer goes up the lake daily, and by this we had a pleasant voyage to Perlazzo, where we were again in the kingdom of Italy. By an open calèche we were now conveyed across an irregular and picturesque neck of land to the shores of the lake of Como.

This appeared to us the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes, blending as it does the wild grandeur of the West Highlands with the softer features of Italian scenery—châlets high among mountain recesses, and vines on trellises enriching the lower slopes on the margin of the lake ; nor should we omit the many splendid mansions of the Milanese and others, which adorn the banks amidst groves of the olive, myrtle, orange, and citron. Let no one with time to spare hurry over this charming piece of lake scenery. As a convenient central point for residence, none is better than Bellagio, situated on the promontory which divides the southern part of the lake into two branches. I will not, however, go into details on a subject now so well known ; but as adding zest to the natural attractions, call to mind that the district around was settled by a colony of Pelasgians from Arcadia, and that the names of places, including Como (or more correctly Cosmo), are traced to this Greek origin. The two Plinys resided some time on the lake, and have left an account of its more remarkable phenomena. The work of the minute and accurate Vallery (*Historical, Literary, and Artistic Travels in*

Italy) should be consulted by all who purpose to spend a few weeks in visiting the beauteous shores of Como.

From Colico, at the upper part of the lake, we made our way to Chiavenna, a town situated in a secluded valley at the southern base of the range of mountains which divides Italy from Switzerland. The ride to it was through a wild piece of country, with the rugged hills gradually closing in upon a marshy valley ; at different places the road by temporary wooden bridges crossed impetuous torrents, which had carried away the regular means of communications, and brought down enormous masses of gravel and boulders from the ravines above. Chiavenna is the last Italian town in the route, and having remained here a night, we set out the following morning in an open carriage to make the passage of the Splügen. The ascent which immediately commences is striking and beautiful throughout. The road first winding its way amidst vineyards, gradually leaves the fertile enclosures of the villagers behind. After the region of vines comes that of fir and other trees ; to that succeeds pasturages for goats and a small variety of cows, and the tinkle of bells hung round the necks of these animals comes often pleasingly on the ear. By a series of ingeniously constructed zigzags, we were ascending a great gorge in the mountains, from which dashed roaring torrents and cascades, forming a turbulent little river in the narrow rocky valley. Far up in seemingly inaccessible spots were cottages with churches, but excepting very small fields of potatoes, in cleared patches among the rocks, all culture had ceased. At certain intervals, we passed hamlets consisting of a poor order of dwellings, with usually a posting-house, on the front of which is an inscription on a marble tablet, denoting the height in metres above the level of the sea. Ever toiling their way upward, the horses made so little progress that I got out and walked, in order more fully to enjoy the singularity of the scene, and collect a small species of ferns and other Alpine plants as a souvenir for a valued friend at home. After passing Campo Dolcino, the gorge becomes more precipitous, and we find the road at various places covered in with arches of solid masonry



as a protection from the avalanches of snow that at certain seasons sweep down from the higher parts of the mountain. These arched passages, one of which is 1530 feet long, are lit by apertures on one side, resembling embrasures for cannon.

The height of the snow-line on the Splugen depends of course on the season. We began to find snow patches on the side of the road at the height of about 4500 feet. Advancing beyond this point, the wreaths of melting snow increased in quantity, and continued here and there in large patches to the summit. The more elevated peaks were entirely covered with a white mantle. Strangely, as we thought, the atmosphere was not cold, only a little chilly, in this snowy region. A thermometer suspended outside the carriage for half an hour, and occasionally held for a few minutes near the snow, did not indicate a lower temperature than 55°. Near the top is a group of solitary buildings which a few years ago were the dread of travellers entering Italy. They formed the Austrian custom-house, where passports were examined with such scrupulous jealousy, that for a trifling informality, tourists have been known to be turned back on their journey. Recent changes have swept away this nuisance, for, as is well known, the Italian government exacts no passports. On the front of one of the buildings a tablet denotes 2007 metres (a metre is 39.37 inches); and as we ascend probably 150 feet above this point, I reckon the pass of the Splugen to be fully 6700 feet above the level of the sea; but the snow-clad peaks around are considerably higher. On the small bit of level road at the summit, we found a string of carriers' carts heavily laden with the entire apparatus of a gas-work from an engineering establishment at Zurich, *en route* for a town in Northern Italy. Reaching this altitude, we had gained the frontier, and our vehicle rolled rapidly down the winding steeps into Switzerland.

According to the valedictory lines of Rogers, 'a parting word is due to Italy,' and that word I gladly utter, for it is a word which breathes of grateful remembrance for 'many a courtesy,' as

well as for much to occupy agreeable recollection. My visit was in other respects satisfactory, for, though brief, it dispelled various illusions, and shewed me Italy as it is and as it is likely to be—a country in a state of active transition from ages of bitter wrong and suffering to the enjoyment of rational liberty. We had seen much to be amended, but also much that indicated progress under enlightened legislation and management. On the whole, things were very much better than we expected, and we had reason to feel that in ordinary society in England, the degree of advancement made by Italy is not properly understood. It is gratifying to have to say, not unadvisedly of the country, that a long course of misusage has failed in a general sense to greatly alter the naturally fine character of its people for the worse. Never, for any length of time, exposed to a grinding military uniformity, they have not lost individual character, and I venture to think that with all their buoyancy of temperament, they are more hearty, more thoughtful, and more capable of conducting a national life according to constitutional forms—I will add, more likely to rise to higher religious convictions—than the French.

The marked advances already made wherever the Italian government has had fair-play, afford a good augury for the future. Certainly, the impression everywhere made on my mind was, that the present ecclesiastical system of Italy has no deep hold on the people, who seem only to be waiting for some species of effective amelioration, likely to come at no distant day in the ordinary progress of events. Nor does it appear possible for a reform in this particular to be indefinitely postponed. A perfectly free and cheap press, conducted with a surprising degree of temper and ability, is an engine too formidable to be withstood by mere antiquated and irrational usage. That, however, on which all hopes must depend, is continued tranquillity—peace to work out the civil and spiritual changes suggested by the example of England. Unfortunately, the continued occupation of Rome by the French is a grave element of disturbance, that may any day precipitate a convulsion, and roll back the current of Italian progress. Should this shock be avoided, I am disposed to think that the French

occupation, while admittedly full of danger, will rather accelerate than retard the course of ecclesiastical reform throughout Victor Emmanuel's dominions, and that ere long the Emperor of the French may find to his surprise that he has—in a papal point of view—done more harm than good by his protracted and unjustifiable interference. Such are the opinions which one naturally entertains on witnessing the present posture of affairs in Italy. We cannot but feel the deepest anxiety for the fate of a country, which from its misfortunes should be exempted from further trials; but resigning it with cordial sympathy into the hands of a gracious Providence, let us hope that nothing serious will occur to arrest it in the career of national consolidation and prosperity.

Edinburgh :

Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

11

12



